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SHAKESPEARE IN FRANCE.

The learned M. Jusserand, who is as entertaining as he is learned, and who has done almost as much as Taine did (although in a very different way) to give a new interest to the history of English literature, is now publishing in the international review "Cosmopolis" a series of articles upon the fortunes of Shakespeare among the Frenchmen. The subject of this investigation is so novel, as well as so interesting inherently, that it seems worth while to tell M. Jusserand's story in condensed form, pending its completion and full translation into English. Of course, we all know in its general outline the history of Shakespearian study in France, but few even among students know the interesting details of the narrative which M. Jusserand is now illustrating from the wealth of his rich and curious reading, which he is adorning with his piquant style and warming with his sympathetic "appreciation" of the greatest poet of the modern world.

M. Jusserand introduces his narrative by setting side by side two passages, published respectively in 1645 and 1765, and roughly indicating the limits of the period to which the chief interest of the story attaches, the period during which Shakespeare won his way to the French consciousness. The first extract is from Blaeu's "Théâtre du Monde," a sort of glorified gazeteer, and informs the reader that Stratford is a pleasant little town which owes its entire glory to "Jehan de Stratford, archevêque de Cantorbéry" and "Hugues de Clopton, juge à Londres." One of these worthies, it seems, built a church in Stratford, and the other spanned the Avon with a bridge. To this writer, Shakespeare was less than a name; Stratford had enough of glory in its claim upon the primate and the judge. The other extract is from the "Encyclopædia," and speaks of Stratford in this fashion: "It was not long ago that the house in which Shakespeare (William) died in 1616 was still pointed out in this town; it was even regarded as a curiosity of the country and the inhabitants regretted its destruction, so jealous are they of the glory of having given birth to this sublime genius, the greatest in all dramatic poetry." The article fills five

columns, and although its title is "Stratford," its exclusive subject is Shakespeare. To trace the history of the change in French opinion thus brought about by a century has been the task of M. Jusserand, and the subject is one richly deserving of attention.

The first judgment upon Shakespeare to find expression in the French language occurs in a catalogue of the Royal Library (1675-1684). A copy of the second folio had found its way into the collection, and the entry of the catalogue included, besides a Latinized form of the title, the following note: "This English poet has a rather fine imagination, he thinks naturally, he expresses himself with delicacy, but these fine qualities are darkened by the filth that he minglest with his comedies." An inventory of Fouquet's library shows that it also contained a volume of Shakespeare "valued at one livre." The first *printed* mention of Shakespeare in France occurs in Baillot's "Jugements des Savants" (1685-6). Here the name is given, without comment, in a list of English poets. Two or three other fugitive allusions to a poet variously named "Shakspear" and "Shakees Pear" may be found during the closing years of the reign of the Roi-Soleil, but the great age of French literature was over, and Corneille, Racine, and Molière had long been in their graves, before even a Frenchman here and there had so much as dreamed that the English poet who had died when Corneille was a boy of ten was destined to enjoy a heritage of fame so world-wide and so enduring that even the genius of Molière would come to seem pale in the comparison.

The first half of the eighteenth century changed all this. Not only did Shakespeare become widely known in France, through criticism and even through translation, but his plays began to influence the French stage, and to awaken an uneasy feeling that possibly the rules of the classic drama might not have said the final word upon the subject of dramatic composition. During the period in question a great many writers found occasion to speak of Shakespeare in appreciative terms, and some of these writers were men whose opinions carried much weight. The Abbé Prévost, who made a long stay in England, and began to publish his "Mémoires" in 1728, became a genuine anglomaniac, the first in date of a numerous tribe. The beauty of Mrs. Oldfield inspired him to learn her language, and, having learned it, he read Shakespeare and waxed enthusiastic. "For beauty of sentiment," he says, "whether

tender or sublime, for the tragic form which stirs the depths of the heart and infallibly arouses passion in the dullest souls, for energy of expression and for the art of contriving situations and carrying on an action, I have read nothing, either in Greek or in French, which takes the palm from the English drama." Even Montesquieu felt compelled to have an opinion concerning Shakespeare, although, as M. Jusserand remarks, it does him less honor than his opinions upon government. In 1830, he had an audience with the queen, who began to talk about the drama. She asked Lord Chesterfield, who was also present, how it happened that Shakespeare, who lived in the age of Elizabeth, had made his women speak so badly and act so foolishly. "Milord Chesterfield answered the question very well by saying that women did not appear upon the stage, and that their parts were taken by poor actors, for which reason Shakespeare did not take any great pains to make them speak well. I should give the other reason that, to make women speak well, one must know the ways and the conventions of society. To make heroes speak, book knowledge is all that is necessary." These explanations, observes the commentator, "enabled Queen Caroline (to whom Voltaire had just dedicated his 'Henriade') to understand why Beatrice, Rosalind, Portia, and Juliet speak so badly and are so foolish." Meanwhile, Voltaire, who had the precious gift of writing with "blacker ink" than other men, and of compelling attention to whatever he might choose to say, had lived for three years in London, and published his "Lettres Philosophiques" in 1834. Henceforth, there was no escaping Shakespeare for the cultivated Frenchman, for Voltaire said things about him that could not possibly be ignored. His appreciation was qualified, but for that perhaps all the more forcible, and it is quite evident that he was more deeply impressed than he was willing to let appear. In the "Lettres" he said: "Shakespeare had a genius full of force and fertility, of what is natural and what is sublime, with not the least spark of good taste, and without the least knowledge of the rules." In the introduction to "Sémiramis" (1748), where the famous epithet of the "drunken savage" occurs, he said that "Hamlet" contains "sublime strokes worthy of the loftiest geniuses. It seems as if nature had taken delight in collecting within the brain of Shakespeare all that we can imagine of what is greatest and most powerful, with all that rudeness without wit

can contain of what is lowest and most detestable." Testimonies to Shakespeare were now rapidly multiplying. Riccoboni (1738) wrote a history of the English stage, saying of Shakespeare that "having used up his patrimony, he took up the trade of robber. He wrote sanguinary dramas, 'Hamlet' among others, and 'Othello,' in which we witness the incredible strangling of Desdemona." Le Blanc (1745) found fairly fitting words in which to express the magic of Shakespeare's style. Finally, La Place (1746) made a French translation of many of the plays, and prepared analyses of the others.

In the latter half of the eighteenth century, we come face to face with the "Shakespeare question," which fills the last and most interesting chapter in all this curious history. Speaking of the translation of "Tom Jones" made in 1750, d'Argenson remarked: "Anglicism is gaining upon us," while Boissy, in a comedy dated 1753, made sport of the fickle tastes of the French public, which sought after strange gods, now in Italy, now in England.

"Son transport l'autre jour était l'anglomanie;
Rien sans l'habit anglais ne pouvait réussir;
Au-dessus de Corneille il mettait Shakespir."

Something clearly had to be done, and Voltaire, who felt that both his critical precept and his practice as a dramatic poet had been largely responsible for this exaltation of the "sauvage ivre," stepped into the breach. It was all very well to praise Shakespeare in measured terms, as he had himself done, but when it came to a complete and sumptuous translation, dedicated to the king, and prefaced by the judgment that "never had man of genius penetrated deeper into the abyss of the human heart or given better and more natural speech to the passions," it was really going too far. "Had not he [Voltaire] granted enough to the monster? Had not he introduced certain liberties to the French stage? Had not he cleared, and pruned, and given regular shape to this lofty thicket?" But now there was nothing less in question than a revolution of taste. Even Diderot was calling Shakespeare "a Gothic colossus between whose legs we might all pass?" "All? exclaimed Voltaire, and his indignation waxed." Nothing less than a formal protest to the Academy could suffice for such a critical situation. "There are not in France enough buffets, enough foolscaps, enough pillories for such a fellow" as the audacious Le Tourneur, who was responsible for the translation that was so heralded. "The frightful thing about it is that

the monster has a party in France, and to cap the climax of calamity, it was I who formerly first spoke of this Shakespeare, it was I who first showed the French a few pearls that I had found in his enormous manure-heap." Thus wrote the recluse of Ferney to a friend, and in this spirit was prepared his communication to the Academy. The protest was read at the session of August 25, 1776, and its success for the hour, at least, was complete. A year or two later, and only a few weeks before his death, Voltaire inscribed his last tragedy to the Academy, and took occasion to renew the attack. The letter ended with these words: "Shakespeare is a savage with sparks of genius that shine in a horrible night." Thus closes this interesting and characteristic episode in Voltaire's life, and with it what is most significant about the history of the fortunes of Shakespeare in France under the old régime.

FENIMORE COOPER AND MARK TWAIN.

When "The North American Review" of July, 1895, printed a laughable sally against Fenimore Cooper by our quaint and popular Mark Twain, the public was once more left in doubt as to where humor ended and soberness began. In the first sentence of the article, three of Cooper's admirers, who happened to be at the same time distinguished in the study or the practice of literature in Europe and America, were charged with not having read his writings before pronouncing judgment. This was evidently a joke, and everybody smiled. Later, Mark proposed to call the "Leather Stocking Tales" the "Broken Twig Series," and everybody smiled again. So when, to suit his effect, our humorist guessed Cooper's canal-boat to be of so great definite dimensions, and his river precisely of so little breadth, as to present an amusing contrast; and, further, when he expanded two short sentences of Cooper's narrative into two-thirds of a page of graphic imaginative description of some very foolish jumping Indians, the smile grew into that species of applause which only a humorist can awaken. But, while this tone of extravagant raillery ran through the article, the impression left by it as a whole was that the author really believed Cooper guilty of serious literary offences.

In Professor Brander Matthews's Introduction to a recent reprint of the "Leather Stocking Tales," Mark Twain's article is mentioned; but while it is pronounced unappreciative in one direction and an over-statement in another, there is no attempt to examine it in detail. It may not be out of place in the interest of a just estimate of Cooper himself, nor untimely in view of the revival of interest indicated

by the appearance of two new editions of his works* to pass in review some of the points made against him by Mr. Clemens, disentangling, so far as possible, the cluster of fact from the tendrils of fun.

One charge that seems to be urged by Mark with an accent of seriousness behind the extravagance of its form is that Cooper's novels "fail to accomplish something and arrive somewhere." This seems to mean that they lack unity of purpose and constructive ability. But "The Deerslayer," which is selected for the most abundant ridicule, is clearly the account of a mission undertaken by the hero and his Indian friend in behalf of the latter. In carrying out this mission the fortunes of Deerslayer are united with those of another group of characters, and after the mission is accomplished, the book ends when the hero is released from peril of his life incurred as a consequence of this piece of unselfish devotion. Surely there is a tolerable adherence to the accomplishment of a definite object in this story, to say nothing now of others. The object is, it is true, as usual, connected with a practical end, involving a series of adventures, and thus as far as possible removed from the thought-analysis of the modern school. But here, as in general, the story "accomplishes something," under a somewhat orderly development.

Concerning Cooper's characters, it is asserted that they are ill-defined, are not alive, do not converse like real people nor at all times in the same dictio-
n. It may be freely admitted that in character-drawing the author does not display his richest talent, yet the dominating figure of these five tales rises to declare, in unison with Lowell in his "Fable for Critics," that at least one new figure, likely to remain, has been added to the gallery of fiction. The simple uprightness of Leather Stocking, his peace-loving disposition in the midst of war, his natural religion, his respect for the "gifts" of other men, his bravery, coolness, and skill,—all these, whatever exceptions may justly be taken, unite to form a man, who is confessedly the creation of romance, yet whose life is more real to thousands than is many an historic character, and whose noble death-note may well have suggested to Thackeray, as the Introduction hints, the famous "Adsum!" of Colonel Newcome. Nor are touches lacking in the minor characters to attest the author's adherence to the broad lines of nature. Is it true, by the way, that a speaker uses, whatever his mood, the same sort of language? Is it not rather true that poetic or other emotion causes a heightening of one's style, producing what may be called native eloquence? If it is not true, let the printer substitute a few apostrophes for the vowels in some of Deerslayer's more poetic speeches, and the fault will be obviated. But let us not deny to him the capacity for poetic exaltation.

* "Leather Stocking Tales" in 5 vols., with introduction by Brander Matthews and illustrations by F. T. Merrill, published by Messrs. Crowell & Co.; "Mohawk Edition" of Complete Works in 32 vols., with new illustrations, published by Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Further, says our humorist-critic, the events of Cooper's tales are not probable,—nay, they are not possible; they are miraculous, and that too without even any successful attempt to render them plausible. This judgment, if seriously meant, is extreme. Of course Cooper was not writing realism, for realism was not yet invented. But he usually recognizes the improbable character of an event, when it is improbable, and tries to render it credible. Thus a foot-note in "The Pathfinder" explains that the writer has known a thirty-two pound boat to be carried over the falls of the Oswego, as described, in perfect safety. Mr. Clemens finds food for laughter in an Indian's turning a running stream out of its course and finding traces of a foot-print in its alluvial bed. But Cooper is careful to describe the stream as a "turbid little rill." If the phenomenon could occur under any circumstances, it were possible under these. Again, the saving of a vessel by relying upon the under-tow, near the shore of Ontario, to aid the anchors in overcoming the drift, is jeered at by Mark as the height of impossibility. Cooper makes a conceited old sea-captain, unaccustomed to our inland lakes, play the part that Mark plays in his criticism:

"'Under-tow!' . . . 'who the devil ever heard of saving a vessel from going ashore by the under-tow!'"

"'This may never happen on the ocean, sir,' Jasper answered, modestly, 'but we have known it to happen here.'"

This is Cooper's reply, and shows at least that the writer prepared the way for his "miracle."

Is it not presumptuous for a critic to find fault with the description of places which the author has known from boyhood, but which the critic himself presumably never visited? An example of this fallacy is in Mark's comments upon Cooper's picture of Otsego Lake and the Susquehanna flowing from it. By jocular comparison of some of Cooper's figures concerning the breadth of the river in different places, a humorous effect of stupid incongruity is produced. As it happens, Mr. C. A. Perry, of Cooperstown, who has frequently fished upon the lake and river in question, declares that, with due allowance for the shelving shores of the lake, and for the trees and bushes lining the banks of the river, of both of which Cooper himself makes special mention, there is no necessary absurdity or contradiction in the details as given of the scene. The author was not furnishing a surveyor's plan of the grounds; he was only writing a story, laid, however, in scenes with which he was completely familiar. Suppose we apply this same sort of arithmetical blindness to Mark himself. In describing the way in which a real cannon-ball acts, in contrast with one described by Cooper, the critic says it "skips a hundred feet or so; skips again a hundred feet or so—and so on." We suspect that an outcry would be raised if an arithmetician should assume that, because exactly the same language is used in each case, the writer means that the second ricochet of the ball was equal to the first.

Mr. Clemens has much to say about Cooper's English. He gives a number of examples of misused words, alleged to have been drawn from half a dozen pages of "The Deerslayer." Unfortunately the lack of references renders the reader unable to examine the context of these words, and thus, in some cases, leaves him undecided whether Cooper or Mr. Clemens is correct. Still, there is little doubt that Cooper suffered under a mild form of linguistic astigmatism. His constant use of "individual" for "person," not mentioned by Mr. Clemens, may be taken as an example of his imperfect command of words. But to say this alone—to characterize his style as at times slovenly, as does Professor Matthews—is to leave the false impression of an incomplete statement. Cooper's style is that of a writer whose first love is the blue sky, the woods, the calm or stormy waters, and who tells his story in the hasty conversational unbookish manner of an out-of-door man. To expect from him academic nicety, or such accuracy as comes from studying to-day's rhetorical treatise, is to look for what he does not try to give. When the editor changes Cooper's "none were" to "none was," he is guided by what may fairly be called academic standards. As to the frequent use of "female" for "woman," the former term was evidently regarded as "genteel" when Cooper began to write. Turn in proof to "The Lady of the Manor," by Mrs. Sherwood, printed in 1828, and you shall read upon the title-page that the book was "intended for the middle and higher ranks of Young Females." If Cooper's English, then, is sometimes inaccurate, it is with the inaccuracy of contemporary usage, while its ease and freedom are in themselves better than the cramped mannerism of certain bookmen.

The question whether Cooper's novels are or are not interesting, to which of course Mr. Clemens makes unfavorable answer, is dependent after all upon the personal equation, as Professor Matthews says. Cooper will have to content himself, in this regard, with the hundreds of thousands of delighted readers he has already had in his own land and across the sea, and with the hundreds of thousands more he is likely to have as the result of such reprints as have lately been given to the public.

In taking leave of Mark Twain, it seems just to say, in view of the facts, that, considered as scientific criticism, his diatribe needs at least as much kindly allowance as do Cooper's "Leather Stocking Tales" tried by modern standards of the novel. For, although Cooper did not in any sense forestall the latest phase of fiction, his work has intrinsic merits upon which it may securely rely. Perhaps its most obvious quality is the out-door atmosphere pervading every book. The author had a lively feeling for nature, in its broad aspects, and, while his pages do not, like Miss Murfree's, contain long poetic descriptions of rock and sky, there blows through them the breath of the free air, the glorious sun shines above, the shadowing leaves of the forest rustle overhead. This uncrowded earth is fitting

theatre for the man of action, too absorbed in doing to devote his hours to reflection, yet possessing somehow thoughts of duty and of God. And when the woodsman must shoot the rapids, or track the footsteps of his enemy, or endure savage torture, he approaches such experience with the strong and poised frame of one for whom bodily hazard holds an everlasting charm.

Another trait of Cooper's, that should secure him the lasting regard of his countrymen, is the essentially American quality of these tales. In a general view, one is struck by the occurrence of situations among the characters that could not pass in other countries without remark. The women of these tales are under the gallant protection of the men, whose purity and chivalry are relied upon with an unquestioning faith. It is only in an American novel that such chastity is taken for granted. In a specific sense, Cooper has done for New York what no historian or map-maker has accomplished: he has left a vivid record of that ample domain, in the days preceding the Revolution, when the Indian was in some active degree a competitor with the white man for occupancy of the soil. Where else shall we go for such vital pictures of the essential truth of these otherwise obliterated days?

Tried by the standards of fiction,—by permanent standards, so far as one may arrogate possession of these,—Cooper speaks his power in that he has had a host of imitators. Inevitably the imitation is far inferior to the original: the dime-novel is a synonym of the plague. But to be the father of a numerous race is something, though the children multiply the vices of the parent and forget his virtues. For Cooper is throughout as wholesome as a forest breeze, or a dip into the lake: no reader will draw from him one casuistic precept, or one admired example of lust or cruelty. In his own words: "The preference [the author] gives to the high qualities named, over beauty, delirious passion, and sin, it is hoped, will offer a lesson that can injure none." It is true that he poetized the Indian and the backwoodsman. Herein lies his limitation, as it is also his glory. To judge him by the newly-set-up criterion of realism is something like measuring flowers with a yard-stick. Mr. Bliss Carman has said: "Realism has given us a careful and studious manner in art, which renders it delightful to the quiet and curious reader; but for the incurious and active man it is somewhat lacking in interest." Cooper, shall we say, has written for the incurious and active man, or for any man in his adventurous and unscientific moods. Without decrying realism, therefore, we shall do well to encourage a catholic taste, explaining the American romance of adventure by the circumstances out of which it was born, and welcoming it as capable still of affording entertainment and refreshment when a redundancy of over-nice distinctions and of proved though insignificant data brings a longing for the excitement of a free shot in the open air and a grapple with the stealthy foe.

D. L. MAULSBY.

The New Books.

THE JESUIT MISSIONARIES IN NEW FRANCE.*

No similar undertaking with which we are acquainted reflects more credit upon Western scholarship and publishing enterprise than the present undertaking by the scholars and publishers who have the matter in charge, to bring out, in the form that they have determined upon, "The Jesuit Relations and Allied Documents." This is stating the case moderately; we had almost said American scholarship and publishing enterprise. The title-page, which is transcribed in full below, describes the undertaking in a general way, but it does not convey, save to a few specialists, its full significance. More definitely, the undertaking embraces the following things: First, the discovery and identification, in many different places — as libraries and collections, public and private, some in the old world and some in the new — of more than one hundred and fifty titles of French, Latin, and Italian texts, most of them dating from the seventeenth century, which are together sufficient, with the translations and explanatory matter, to fill sixty octavo volumes of 300 pages each; secondly, the transcription of these texts, some of them in a very imperfect condition, and the collation of varying copies; thirdly, the translation into current English of these texts, which, for the most part, are written in a language and a style now outgrown; fourthly, the preparation of the extensive explanatory apparatus — introduction, prefaces, and notes — that is needed to make the documents fully intelligible to readers; fifthly, the carrying through the press of this vast mass of material — texts, translations, and commentary — in the highly creditable manner that marks the three volumes that have already appeared; and sixthly, the management of the undertaking as a piece of business in such a way as to make it commercially successful. The work already done is sufficient proof that the five points will all be met, not only satisfactorily but admirably; and we hope most sin-

cerely that equal success will crown the enterprise in the sixth and last particular.

The documents named in the title are not so familiar to the reading public, or even their general name, as to render a brief description of them superfluous.

When the extensive countries that constituted New France fell to France under the right of discovery, they were, so long at least as France should hold them, devoted to the Catholic faith. It is true that the first attempts at French colonization in Acadia, as well as in Carolina and in Florida, were made under Huguenot leadership; but under the conditions existing in France all such attempts were foredoomed to failure. Even the charter given by Henry IV. to DeMonts, which conceded Calvinistic pastors to Calvinistic colonists, stipulated that only the Catholic faith should be taught to the Indians. Granted the determined effort to convert the savages of New France to the Catholic faith, it is hardly too much to say that the Jesuits were the predestined cultivators of the field. They were not indeed the first Catholic missionaries on the ground; but the character of the work to be done, and their admirable fitness for it, together with the strength of the order, not to speak of the political power that was at first behind them, sufficed to enable them to distance all competitors as bearers of the cross to the red men.

The black robes are first met with in the persons of Fathers Biard and Massé, at Port Royal, in June, 1611; on the St. Lawrence they do not appear until 1625. But neither of these dates marks the beginning of the Jesuit missions, properly so called. In 1628-29 the French settlements in New France fell into English hands. If they had been retained, as it certainly seems they might have been had not Charles First's interest in the half of the dower of Queen Henrietta which had been withheld been greater than in half a continent, American history, in many important respects, would have been something very different from what the historians have written. New France was returned to France in 1632, at the peace, for 400,000 crowns. Now the spiritual interests of both settlers and savages were, by the highest authority, entrusted to the Jesuits; and with the arrival of three of the Fathers at Quebec in July, 1632, the Jesuit missions proper in North America begin. From first to last these missions, following Mr. Thwaites's grouping, were the following: The Abenaki Mission, in Maine and Acadia and on Cape Breton Island; the Mon-

* THE JESUIT RELATIONS AND ALLIED DOCUMENTS. Travels and Explorations of the Jesuit Missionaries in New France, 1610-1791. The Original French, Latin, and Italian Texts, with English Translations and Notes. Illustrated by portraits, maps, and facsimiles. Edited by Reuben Gold Thwaites, Secretary of the State Historical Society of Wisconsin. Volume I., Acadia, 1610-1613; Volume II., Acadia, 1612-1614; Volume III., Acadia, 1611-1616. Cleveland: The Burrows Brothers Company.

tagnis Mission, centred at Tadoussac, at the junction of the St. Lawrence and the Saguenay Rivers; the Quebec and Montreal Mission, which is sufficiently described by its name; the Huron Mission, planted in the region south of Georgian Bay; the Iroquois Mission to the Iroquois of Central New York and the St. Lawrence; the Ottawa Mission, embracing the numerous tribes and fragments of tribes found in the Upper Peninsula of Michigan and adjacent parts of Wisconsin and Minnesota; the Louisiana Mission, which included the Illinois country as well as the region of the Lower Mississippi.

Mr. Thwaites controverts Mr. Bancroft's statement in regard to discovery and exploration, when he says: "Not a cape was turned, not a river entered, but a priest led the way." "The actual pioneers of New France," on the other hand, "were almost always *courreurs de bois*, in the prosecution of the fur trade; but *courreurs de bois*, for obvious reasons, seldom kept records, even when capable of doing so, and as a rule we learn of their previous appearance on the scene only through chance allusions in the 'Relations.'" The Jesuits performed a great service to mankind in publishing their annals, which are, for historian, geographer, and ethnologist, among our first and best authorities.

Perhaps no literary documents were ever written under circumstances more uncomfortable and discouraging,—cold, heat, hunger, danger, insects, weariness, dirt, and smoke, besides the human society that surrounded their authors. But the "Relations" are not the annals of the missionaries in just the form in which they were written; for they were edited, first in Canada and then in Paris, before their publication. How the documents in their present form were elaborated from the whole mass of written material, the editor of the series well explains in the following paragraph:

"A few explorers like Champlain, Radisson, and Perrot have left valuable narratives behind them, which are of prime importance in the study of the beginnings of French settlement in America; but it is to the Jesuits that we owe the great body of our information concerning the frontiers of New France in the seventeenth century. It was their duty annually to transmit to their superior in Quebec or Montreal a written journal of their doings; it was also their duty to pay occasional visits to their superior, and to go into retreat at the central house of the Canadian mission. Annually, between 1632 and 1673, the superior made up a narrative or 'Relation' of the most important events which had occurred in the several missionary districts under his charge, sometimes using the exact words of the missionaries, and sometimes with considerable editorial skill summarizing the individual journals in a general ac-

count, based in part upon the oral reports of visiting fathers. This annual 'Relation,' which in bibliographies occasionally bears the name of the superior, and at other times that of the missionary chiefly contributing to it, was forwarded to the provincial of the order in France, and, after careful scrutiny and reediting, published by him in a series of duodecimo volumes, known collectively as 'The Jesuit Relations.'

The "Allied Documents" are similar to the "Relations" in this, that they introduce or continue the main story or throw additional light upon it. They are not all the work of Jesuits. Some of them are excluded from the category "Relation" more on technical grounds than any other. Properly speaking, the "Relations" begin in 1632, when the Jesuits returned to Canada, and close with 1673, when Frontenac, it is conjectured, procured the discontinuance of their publication. At the same time, the list of titles to appear in this series extend all the way from 1611 to 1791. It should be added that after 1700 they are relatively sparse—only some twenty titles in all. The occurrence of the word in a title does not necessarily constitute the document a "Relation."

Until half a century ago, little was known of the "Relations" outside of Jesuit circles; and to Dr. E. B. O'Callaghan, editor of "The Documentary History of New York," is given the credit of having effectually called the attention of scholars to their great value as historical material. Since then they have been held in constantly growing estimation; and their publication in the present form cannot fail to make them more fully known, more widely studied, and more highly valued, than heretofore. Here they are, the originals and the translations, side by side, on opposite pages, for everybody to read and examine who cares to essay the task.

These documents will be resorted to by different persons for very different ends. Here is material in rich abundance for the geographer, the student of natural history, the ethnologist, the philologist, the anthropologist, the investigator of primitive culture, the historian of missionary effort, and the historian of the long struggle between England and France in North America. It would be hard to say which one of several kinds of inquirers will find most to reward his search. Upon the value of the "Relations and Allied Documents" to the student of American history, it can hardly be necessary to enlarge. At the same time that the English people were planting colonies on the Atlantic coast from Maine to Georgia, the French were planting competing colonies in Acadia, Cape Breton, the Valley of the St.

Lawrence, the Basin of the Great Lakes, and the Valley of the Mississippi; and the sources of the history of these two groups of colonies are intertwined, just like the sources of the streams flowing to the Atlantic Ocean and to the interior waters, from the mouth of the St. Lawrence to the mouth of the Mississippi. As well might the geographer studying the Atlantic slope disregard the slopes that begin just beyond its crown, or *vice versa*, as the historian of the English colonial development to use English sources alone or the historian of the French development to use French sources alone.

As a record of missionary enterprise, the "Relations" are at once very inspiring and very depressing. We do not know that a complete list of the Jesuits employed in the seven missions first and last exists or could even be made up; but, if so, we feel confident that it would be difficult or impossible to make up an equal list of men from any age or period of the history of the world, not even from the martyr age of the Church, who have shown greater courage, fortitude, devotion, and zeal in the prosecution of any great and inspiring cause. Nor can it be said that the Jesuits had zeal without knowledge; perhaps no men were ever better fitted to undertake such a task than they were. From their story men may draw examples of moral heroism for all time. And to what end was this sublime effort made? To none whatever, as the event proved; one and all, the missions were complete failures. And why? There is some truth in the conjectural answer that the missions might have succeeded had it not been for the implacable enmity of the Iroquois, or in the answer that their failure was only a part of the failure of New France, which, after a century and a half of rather feeble life, passed into the hands of a Protestant power; but the profounder student will not fail to take a much deeper view than either of these. He will see that the failure was primarily due to the total inability of the savages to receive Christian ideas, or to live anything deserving to be called a Christian life. Indeed, such success as the Jesuits seemed to have resulted from their practically putting the new faith on the savage level — making it a matter of rites, ordinances, and sacraments, the ideal significance of which the Indians did not and could not discern. The "Relations" are an eloquent confirmation of the words of a distinguished English scholar: "The truth which Aristotle enunciated, that all intellectual teaching is based upon what is primarily known to the

person taught, is applicable to a race as well as to an individual, and to beliefs even more than to knowledge." And yet we recall the contrast between the converts of the Jesuits in Canada and the converts of the Moravians in Pennsylvania and Ohio as sketched by Mr. Parkman.

"The Moravians were apostles of peace, and they succeeded to a surprising degree in weaning their converts from their ferocious instincts and warlike habits; while the Mission Indians of Canada retained all their native fierceness, and were systematically impelled to use their tomahawks against the enemies of the Church. Their wigwams were hung with scalps, male and female, adult and infant; and these so-called missions were but nests of baptised savages, who wore the crucifix instead of the medicine-bag, and were encouraged by the government for purposes of war."

Nor is it a sufficient reply to say that the Jesuit Fathers lived and labored in a hot-bed of savage intercine warfare, while the gentle Brethren labored in a secluded field; there is, indeed, truth in this, but there was also a difference in the ideals, methods, and spirit of the laborers.

What we have just said suggests a single further observation. Perhaps no student is likely to find a richer store of material in these volumes than the student of what is sometimes called primitive culture. While bearing the universal marks of the savage man, the American Indians are a peculiarly interesting race, in some respects *sui generis*. No other class of observers that had an opportunity to study them in the Northern and Central parts of North America were so competent to do so as the Jesuits. They were educated men, trained scholars and men of letters, painstaking and conscientious. Nor had any other observers so good an opportunity. They studied the Indians in their native seats, through a very wide geographical range, for an extended period of time, and in hundreds of tribes and fragments of tribes. Further, the Jesuits saw the savages in their native state, and they reported what they saw so faithfully that the "Relations" seem to be a part of aboriginal nature — a real scientific laboratory.

It remains only to congratulate the editor, Mr. Thwaites, and the chief translator from the French, Mr. J. C. Covert, and the enterprising publishers, upon the happy opening of their large undertaking. As the editor calls for suggestions, we will observe that he makes a mistake in deferring the index to a final volume. There should indeed be a complete index to the whole work when finished; but it is an error not to provide indexes for the successive volumes as they appear.

B. A. HINSDALE.

MR. JAMES BRYCE ON THE ARMENIAN QUESTION.*

Mr. James Bryce comes to us this year with a new volume, entitled "Transcaucasia and Ararat," or, rather, with an old volume, originally published in 1877, and now bound in with a recent and timely chapter on "The Armenian Question." The earlier and descriptive part of the book details a journey through Russian Transcaucasia and the Turkish cities on the Black Sea. Starting from the Nijni Fair,—which, the author says, is losing in picturesque costume and in variety of national types,—he proceeds by gentle declension on the Volga to Saratof; and thence by rail across a corner of the Southern Steppe — a wild waste of land, limitless as the ocean, where the horizon is unchanging, and there is sense of motion without progress, "the undefended side of Europe . . . through which all the Asiatic hordes, Huns, Alans, Avars, Bulgarians, Mongols" poured like a submerging flood. Contrary to popular supposition, the Steppe is not necessarily flat, low, or barren. It is simply open, treeless land, sometimes rolling, sometimes rich in loam, and sometimes desert.

The country north of the Caucasus is fertile in the main and is capable of supporting a vast population, but it remains unturned soil. "Whatever Russia may want," says Mr. Bryce, "she does not want land, and has no occasion to annex Bulgaria or Armenia or any other country to provide an outlet for her superfluous children." The railroad ends at Vladikavaz, a town and fortress which command the entrance to the famous Dariel Pass, the principal gateway of the Caucasian Range. The prodigious aspect of nature here impresses even the cultivated mind with terror. The bed of this savage gorge foams white with the mountain torrent, and the granite walls rise to a height of four thousand feet; "behind are still loftier ranges of sharp, red pinnacles, broken, jagged, and terrible, their topmost summits flecked with snow." Shut within, protected and preserved by these mountain fastnesses, are many peoples. Thus the Caucasus is "a kind of ethnological museum, where specimens may be found of countless races and languages, some of which probably belong to the early ages of the world . . . races differing in religion, aspect, man-

ners, character." The Caucasus was the mysterious boundary of the ancient world, the land of mythological marvel. Against the black precipices of Kazbek, a steep dome of snow, Prometheus hung in chains. Near by were the man-hating Amazons, the gold-guarding griffins, and Colchis, the goal of the Argonauts. The southern end of Dariel Pass opens into the country of the Georgians, "a race of jovial toppers," whose women are celebrated for their beauty, albeit, to the Western taste, of an expressionless kind. The land is rich in resources. There are great oil wells at Baku, on the Caspian Sea, and a railroad connects this port with Poti, on the Euxine, about which rice-fields lie. Coal, iron, and copper are found in the mountains, the forests include rare and valuable woods, cotton grows in the valley of the Araxes, the tea shrub thrives on the hills, and the fertile steppe promises generously to industry. Near the southern boundary is the capital, Tiflis, a town of six nations,—the Russians, who compose a pleasant and not intolerant official class; the Germans, whose ancestors were driven hither from Würtemberg by a new hymn-book; the Tartars, who are the carriers from the country about the Caspian Sea; the slim, stealthy, lithe, and cat-like Persians, an industrious race of laborers and merchants, but "the greatest liars in the East"; and last, but also first, the Armenians—a vigorous, pushing, trading, shopkeeping class, sharp men of business, thrifty, able to drive a hard bargain. "Like most successful people, they are envied and ill spoken of." In Tiflis there are few Jews. "The Armenians leave no room for them. All these peoples live side by side, selling and working for hire, yet never coming into any closer union, remaining indifferent to one another, with neither love nor hate nor ambition, peaceably obeying a government of strangers, who annexed them without resistance and retain them without effort, and held together by no bond but its existence."

The author pushes his way across Russian Armenia, a desolate steppe country—scorched with the fierce heats of summer and swept with the icy blasts of winter—to Ararat, the meeting-point of three empires, the Russian, Turkish, and Persian; Ararat—the centre of the earth, the sacred, the white-crowned, where the ark of humanity, the drift of appalling ruin, found a mooring-place on this planet of ours. The Turkish Armenians, who live almost in sight of this mountain, might be pardoned for wishing that this craft, embryonic of infinite woe

* *TRANSCAUCASIA AND ARARAT*: Being Notes of a Vacation Tour in the Autumn of 1876. With a Supplementary Chapter on the Recent History of the Armenian Question. By James Bryce, author of "The American Commonwealth." With Engraving and Colored Map. New York: The Macmillan Co.

and tears, had been scourged forever over the dark face of the deep, never to find a resting-place. The peak is an object of superstitious reverence to the people who live about it; and as we watch Mr. Bryce begin the lower part of his ascent to the sublime height, mounted upon a horse and covered with an umbrella, we ourselves suffer the sense of a descent to the ridiculous. At the altitude of thirteen thousand feet, he finds a piece of gopher (?) wood, "a fragment of Noah's ark," which affords him some pleasantry; and the summit, which he reaches alone, inspires appropriate reflection. Retracing his steps, he touches at Etchmiadzin, the seat of the Primate, or Katholikos, of the independent Armenian Church. Thence he goes to Poti, the "most fever-smitten den in Asia," where he embarks on a coasting voyage to Constantinople.

It is impossible to epitomize in allowable space the record of Mr. Bryce's travels; and this is to be regretted, for the reason that the narrative is dull—a defect due largely, perhaps, to the fact that the country itself is depressingly dull. The author's account of the Armenians and their troubles possesses, however, a vivid dramatic interest, and will reward perusal. Mr. Bryce is an accomplished and conscientious student of historic and social fact, and his data herein is authoritative, being derived from personal observation, from conversations with leading factors, and from the Blue Books containing the reports of English consuls located in Asia Minor.

The Armenians are a people, not a country. More than three millions of them live under Turkish rule, eight hundred thousand under Russian, and six hundred thousand under Persian. Despite various and oppressive government, they have persisted as a race and nationality since the time of Herodotus. Become passive under centuries of bondage, they still cling loyally to the traditions of an independent existence, which ended in the eleventh century. Their christianization dates from the time of Tiridates the Great, who suffered a change of faith a few years before Constantine saw the vision of the Cross; "Armenia is therefore the first country to have enjoyed the privileges of an ecclesiastical establishment." Although the allegiance of this people is divided between an independent patriarch at Etchmiadzin and one at Constantinople, who does homage to Rome, their religious differences are not vital. Religion is the common bond; indeed, religion is to them everything, since "it includes their laws, their

literature, and their customs, as well as their relation to the unseen world." But it is also an isolating and repellent force.

"In ancient times there were in Western Asia and Europe pretty nearly as many religions as there were races, but these religions were not mutually exclusive, and required from their believers no hostility to other deities. Hence the ease with which the Roman empire drew so many diverse nations into its bosom, and formed out of them a sort of new imperial nationality. The rise of Christianity altered all this, since it claimed to be a world religion, which could own and brook no rival. Mohammedanism repeats the same claim."

It follows that between the ruling Muslim and the subject Christian in Asia Minor there may be a truce, but there can be no lasting and voluntary peace. During the past few years, nearly two hundred thousand Armenians have perished by sword, torture, fire, and famine; and this enormous destruction of life, and of property as well, is distinctly traceable to religious fanaticism, that inspired diabolism which still continues to drench the earth with blood. The effort of the Sultan to extend his Kalifate, or spiritual headship of the Ottoman Turks, to the entire Mohammedan world, from Morocco, through inner Arabia and Persia, to India, has stimulated the religious passions and intolerance of the Mussulmans, and they have proved to be a willing instrument in persecuting the Armenian Christians. The proximate cause of the persecution is, however, political. When, by the treaty of Berlin, the Armenians were made the wards of Europe, the Sultan was threatened either with the intervention of one or more of the six signatory powers, or with the erection within his dominions of an autonomous self-governing state. Remembering the loss of Bulgaria, he resolved upon a policy of conversion (a subsequent lapse from Islam being punishable with death) or extermination; and many of the Armenians chose apostasy. Those who lived in the peasant village communities of the interior were the easiest victims. Ever subject to the pillage of tax-gatherers and to attacks by marauding Kurds, spiritless from ages of slavery, unarmed and scattered, they could offer no effective resistance to organized massacre. Even in considerable towns, they were without the habits of combined action. At Urfa more than eight thousand of them perished, about a third of the number being killed or burned in a cathedral where they had taken refuge. What happened in Constantinople, the world knows. In fine, the whole Armenian country was given over to fire and sword, to atrocities nameless and

terrible. For these infamies, Mr. Bryce declares, the Sultan is personally responsible. "No one at Constantinople, from the ambassadors downwards, now doubts it." That the massacres were predetermined and instructed is circumstantially evident from the absorption of all administrative power in the person of the Sultan, and his laborious and minute interference with public affairs, the systematic nature of the slaughter, the participation of the Turkish soldiery, the arming of the Hamidieh cavalry, the active directing presence of some officials, the expressed belief of the Mussulmans that they were doing the wishes of the Sultan, the fact that no assailant was punished while leading official participants were rewarded, the careful immunity of foreigners, the trumpet signal which sometimes began a massacre, and the formal religious procession which sometimes ended one, the destruction of such winter stores as could not be carried away, and, finally, the obstruction to benevolent aid from without the empire,—all these constitute a chain of inculpatory facts which indicates a deliberate policy of extermination.

The refusal of the signatory powers to intervene to prevent this wholesale murder is one of the most disgraceful happenings of modern history. Russia could have protected the Armenians, because she maintains a standing army of 150,000 men in Transcaucasia; and this, indeed, she engaged to do in a treaty made by her with Turkey at San Stefano, at the conclusion of the last Turko-Russian War; but this undertaking was superseded at the Treaty of Berlin, and by a separate pact made between England and Turkey. Thereupon, Russia became unsympathetic, sullen, and hostile to the Armenians, who, even in Russian dominions, now began to show disturbing signs of independent vitality. On the other hand, England undertook to do two contradictory things: to protect Turkish territory in Asia from Russia (in consideration of the cession of Cyprus), and to protect the Armenian Christians from Turkey. In fulfilment of the second half of this contract, she sent consuls to Asia Minor and exacted many promises of reform from the Turkish Government; but her repeated protests in behalf of the Armenians have been effective only in irritating the Sultan and in driving him into the arms of Russia. Owing to mutual jealousies, the other powers showed but a languid interest in the Armenian trouble, and finally Germany intimated with brutal cynicism that she "cared nothing about the mat-

ter, and that it had better be allowed to drop." Mr. Bryce pays a tribute to the American missionaries, as being "the only good influence that has worked from abroad upon the Turkish Empire." Disinterested, earnest, and cultivated men, they have brought the light of education and of learning into dark places, and have inspired the Armenian youth with higher ideals of life. Wisely discouraging political agitation, as affording a pretext for massacre, and with equal wisdom working towards secular rather than sectarian ends, they have succeeded, in some places, in modifying appreciably the severity of Turkish persecution.

Although Mr. Bryce does not predict the future, it is certain that the Sultan is rapidly approaching his doom. "From the Euphrates to the Bosphorus, all is silence, poverty, despair. . . . The Sultan's government has been reduced to such financial straits that no one in the public service is now paid, except the troops who guard the palace and the spies who carry secret reports to it." It is likely that the end will be partition, in the form of European protectorates, with Russia the gainer. The traditional English policy of "nursing the sick man" will be abandoned, and with small loss to England, save that her trade in the Black Sea may pass through Russian custom-houses. As to her interest in the Suez Canal, military and naval authorities generally agree that, even to-day, in the event of a war with a Mediterranean power, it would be better for England to send her troops to India around the Cape of Good Hope.

OLIVER T. MORTON.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF SCHOPENHAUER.*

Schopenhauer once wrote to his satellite, Frauenstädt, in the following terms: "The time will come when he who does not know what I have said upon a given subject will be held an ignoramus." Forty years have passed since this particular prediction (but one among many of the writer's expressions of confidence in the enduring character of his philosophical system) was made, and the remark has been fairly justified by the event. It is not that the educated man of to-day is bound to know what Schopenhauer said upon every subject, but he is at least bound to know the main lines of his thought and its bearings upon the fundamental

**SCHOPENHAUER'S SYSTEM IN ITS PHILOSOPHICAL SIGNIFICANCE.* By William Caldwell, M.A., D.Sc. New York: Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons.

problems of philosophy. If he seeks to know more than this he will at least not go unrewarded, for Schopenhauer illuminated and adorned all of the many subjects upon which he touched, and to read intelligently the whole body of his work is, as we said in these pages twelve years ago, in itself almost a liberal education.

No apology is needed, then, for such a work as Professor Caldwell's recent monograph, and it is a little surprising that we should have had to wait so long for the appearance of such a study as this in the English language. We have long had good translations of Schopenhauer, readable biographies and essays, elaborate examinations of the pessimism for which he chiefly stands with the average reader, and special expositions of his system in histories of philosophy and reviews scientific or popular. Professor Caldwell does not attempt to do any of these things over again, except as they are incidentally connected with the purpose stated in the following sentence :

"I have rather tried to connect Schopenhauer with some few broad lines of philosophical and general thought, and — so far as I could — with some few broad principles of human nature."

This statement is too modest by more than half, and needs to be supplemented by the following analysis of the chapters into which the discussion falls :

"The first chapter is general in its character, and suggests only the scope of Schopenhauer's significance and the spirit in which we ought to study his system. The next two chapters, I imagine, will demand a somewhat closer attention on the part of the reader than the first. They constitute an attempt to trace out the theoretical roots of Schopenhauer's philosophy. The fourth chapter occupies itself with the practical bondage of life, from which art and ethics and religion are supposed by many people (and by Schopenhauer himself) to set us free. The following four chapters present the Schopenhauer that is known to the thought of the nineteenth century. Chapter IX. tries to show the fundamental philosophical character of Schopenhauer's thought. It takes up, incidentally, the threads of Chapters II. and III., and interweaves them with the other chapters of the book and with the system as a whole. Chapter X. attempts some general positive statement about Schopenhauer. In it and in the Epilogue points are suggested which might form the material for further study and exposition."

Having thus, with the author's help, got our orientation in the book, we may proceed to the discussion of a few of its more salient features. At the outset, we are met with a protest against the extent to which Schopenhauer's striking personality is assumed to color his philosophy. "I am inclined to resent the practice of attributing the exaggerations of his philosophy to his per-

sonality, when such attribution does not rest upon a broad perception of the philosophy of such a personality as Schopenhauer's." This is very justly as well as neatly put, and warns the reader against a tendency which is peculiarly dangerous in the case of the philosopher in question. "The feelings play a tremendous part in Schopenhauer's system," says Professor Caldwell, "and this certainly explains the human interest that attaches itself to his writings." A little further on we are told of "his marvellous personality, combining as it does to a more wonderful extent than that of any other man who ever lived the power for abstract speculation with an enormous vitality of force and feeling." The difficulty of subjecting the work of such a man to a process of purely intellectual analysis is very great, and it is no wonder that we are met with this preliminary note of warning. Having duly sounded the note, the author proceeds to indicate the way in which Schopenhauer turned the traditional philosophies topsy turvy, and found a new starting-point for his work of systematic construction. "It is no doubt intellectually satisfactory to think the world downwards, or from the point of view of 'the whole'; man had done so for two thousand years before Schopenhauer, he had had gods and heroes for his ancestors, and 'trailed clouds of glory' after him, and the like. The nineteenth century began to look at the world from below upwards, and Schopenhauer was its philosophical mouthpiece." He was among the forerunners of nineteenth century naturalism (something very different, as the author points out, from the naturalism of the eighteenth century), "a naturalism whose real drift Schopenhauer divined before Comte and Darwin and Spencer had written."

Considered thus with reference to his historical position, Schopenhauer affords a peculiarly interesting subject for examination. Had he lived half a century later, he would have accepted the philosophy of evolution, in its essential features, without reserve, although he would have objected strenuously to some of its metaphysical implications. He would have made short work, for example, of Mr. Spencer's "Unknowable," and would have had for the materialism of Haeckel the same scorn that he had for the crass materialism of his own day. As it is, there is no very great difficulty in translating his philosophical language into more modern forms of speech, and his theory of distinct stages of the objectification of the will does not require much modification to become

a theory of the absolute continuity of development. His language has not escaped from the bondage of formalism, and his philosophy is expressed in terms of Kantian categories and Platonic "ideas," but it is really a philosophy of evolution, and is at heart convinced that nature makes no leaps. Professor Caldwell quotes the following suggestive passage :

"If Nature had only taken its last step to man from an elephant instead of from an ape, how different would man then have been! He would have been an intelligent elephant, or an intelligent dog, instead of an intelligent monkey."

And there is another passage, not quoted, in which he speaks of one species giving birth to another, *zur glücklichen Stunde*, in terms that are not Darwinian merely because the key of natural selection has never been put into the speaker's hands. Similarly, he anticipates modern psychology in the passage which speaks of "first principles and abstract knowledge" as "the reservoir in which the disposition to act, which is the source of all moral conduct, and which does not exactly flow out into action at every moment, is kept stored up ready to flow through certain conducting channels, when the real occasion for action arrives."

The formalism which stiffens Schopenhauer's philosophy in the stricter sense, and which appears to his modern readers such a stumbling-block until they realize how easily it may be pushed aside, appears also in his treatment of such an extra-metaphysical subject as art.

"His whole philosophy of art seems almost a phase of that glorification of Greek statuary and architecture which was a kind of worship in his days, with its Neo-Hellenism as opposed to crude Protestantism and Judaistic theism. Schopenhauer certainly never felt the full force of the modern gospel of Romanticism, with its exaltation of the need of a free and expansive (and even fantastic and extravagant) sense for beauty and reality. It would probably have shocked him very much to think that there was color and ornament even in Greek statuary and architecture."

But here again it is not difficult to translate his theory of art into terms sufficiently comprehensive to embrace the very manifestations for which he had neither eye nor ear. Had Schopenhauer lived to hear the later works of Richard Wagner, he would probably have condemned them as barbaric, and argued convincingly (to himself) that they were inferior to the operas of Rossini. Yet Wagner's theory of art is confessedly based upon the principles laid down by Schopenhauer, who in this respect, as in so many others, builded better than he knew.

The limitations of space forbid our discus-

sion, in any exhaustive sense, of Professor Caldwell's work. The style of the writer is on the whole admirable. If at times it resorts to the sort of philosophical algebra that makes metaphysical exposition so difficult for the general reader, and if the light which it sheds upon its subject is often the dry light so characteristic of the Scotch philosophers, it can rise upon occasion to eloquent heights, and can draw for illustrative comment upon the stories of a cultured and finely-balanced mind. Sometimes, the neatness of the style is the chief element in our satisfaction, as in the following passage :

"Agnosticism may lead to mere empty Pyrrhonism, which is too thin and useless to be taken seriously; or it may lead to mysticism, which is not philosophy. Agnosticism generally does lead, in the case of those who profess it, to an airy empiricism in theory and practice, which substitutes brilliant or incisive utterances for reasoned beliefs and impressions, and sensations for ideas and thoughts. The only possible attitude of the mind to the world, if we are bent on learning the meaning of things, is a direct one, and not a general paralysis before such self-created barriers as the imaginary and spurious distinction between *phenomenon* and *noumenon*."

With this extract may go another to show that Schopenhauer by no means fell a victim to such paralysis.

"The intellectual side of things is to him merely phenomenal and phantasmal, merely ideal and not real; on the other hand, the volitional side of things is substantial and actual, real and not ideal. There is something healthy in this thought, and indeed Schopenhauer appeals to one because he teaches throughout all his writings that knowledge is a poor thing at best, a kind of indirect way of apprehending reality, and that in order really to understand things one must *feel* them, must to a certain extent *be* them, energise with them, or energise with the great cosmic agency that we call the world-will."

Something of Schopenhauer's own marvellous feeling for style seems to have become the possession of the author when he writes as follows :

"Schopenhauer knew what beauty was, but he did not appreciate it in his soul as Sophocles did. To him beauty was only a 'light' — not the spontaneous and joyous creation of a full sense for reality, but feeble fair flicker — the 'light' and the 'steady gaze' on the 'face of genius,' or the 'gleam of rest and repose' that often appears on the faces of those who die after extreme suffering. He evidently came at the end of his life, through reflection upon poetry and music as universal arts, to appreciate art as the outcome of a healthy and refined general sense for things, but this feeling represented a summit of effort towards which he had struggled during the course of his life, and not a level of attainment from which he could always calmly survey the realm of beauty."

We are not sure that this is quite fair to Schopenhauer, but there can be no doubt that it is strikingly and beautifully expressed.

Professor Caldwell deserves our thanks for his treatment of Schopenhauer's pessimism. To the average person, Schopenhauer stands for pessimism and nothing else. Yet his pessimism was really a matter of temperament and environment rather than of philosophical principle, and we are opportunely reminded that Schopenhauer rarely makes use of the word. As far as his pessimism was the result of environment, its causes are briefly summarized in the statement that "he was an unregenerate youth, living in some of the most trying years of this century, with no one country that he cared about in particular, and no relations or friends for whom he had any real affection." His pessimism was accidental rather than essential, and the author is well-advised in giving it a subordinate place in his analysis. Schopenhauer's primary assumption that all pleasure is negative was never proved by him, although he made the assertion over and over again, nor is it susceptible of proof. Rather is it open to absolute disproof by anyone who will interrogate his own experience and honestly accept the answer. So much for pessimism in the absolute sense. As for the other sense, the sense in which it means the firm grasp and unblinking view of life in its totality, poets and philosophers and religious teachers are well-nigh unanimous in their recognition of the futility of a great part of human endeavor, of the illusory nature of much of the happiness that men consciously pursue, and of the ignoble aims of any philosophy that is hedonistic and nothing more. "Il ne s'agit pas d'être heureux," says Renan, "il s'agit d'être parfait," and this is the substance of Schopenhauer's pessimism in its nobler aspect, in the only aspect in which it has serious claims upon our attention.

A few not very important criticisms may close this review. The book is so exceptionally well printed that such occasional slips as "Nietzsche" and "Frauenstadt" stand out all the more prominently. There is no more reason for saying "von Hartmann" than there is for saying "von Goethe." The split infinitive "to fully characterize" occurs to mar the author's usually correct style. We must take exception to a few of Professor Caldwell's dicta, to the statement, "There is little that is noble in Schopenhauer," and to the statement, "Most thinkers are now prepared to admit that conscious existence for self or conscious personality is something that we do not find lower down in the biological scale than man." In the remark that "the final process of the

world Schopenhauer absurdly imagines to be downwards or backwards," we object vigorously to the adverb. The following seems to us an unfair statement of Schopenhauer's theory of the will: "There is much in the thought that the reality of the world and of the individual consists in will; but the will that should be selected for this honour is rational purpose and achievement, and not mere atomic attraction and repulsion, or mere organic reaction to what is called external stimulus." A good deal of the discussion concerning Schopenhauer's theory of art appears to be mere play upon words, as the following sentences will illustrate: "Art must not be thought to take us out of reality, but more deeply into reality." "He ought to have brought art infinitely into life instead of taking it infinitely out of life." Finally, we note the misquotation (*besteht* for *entsteht*) of a familiar passage from "Faust." Such matters as these are, however, but slight blemishes upon a work remarkable for its acuteness, sympathy, and knowledge, and for its successful analysis of the most important system of philosophy that has appeared during the post-Kantian period.

WILLIAM MORTON PAYNE.

BIRD LORE AND BIRD LOVE.*

During the sessions of the World's Congress in the Memorial Art Palace in the never-to-be-forgotten year 1893, a group of enthusiasts in the study of ornithology organized a series of meetings for the consideration of their favorite branch of science. The movement was initiated so late in the season that but a scanty time was allowed for the arrangement of details and the preparation of papers; nevertheless, a gratifying degree of interest was aroused, and large audiences assembled on the days appointed, toward the close of the month of October. The late Rev. David Swing delivered the opening address; the Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Professor D. D. McCormick, and other earnest speakers, followed. The papers presented by special investigators or observers in the domain of bird-life were characterized by a commendable degree of serious thought and original research, and, notwithstanding the haste with which they were called forth, were worthy of praise from a literary point of view. They

* PAPERS ON ORNITHOLOGY. Presented at the World's Congress of 1893. Edited by Mrs. E. Irene Rood, under the direction of Dr. Elliott Coues. Chicago: Charles H. Sergel & Co.

were too valuable, in fact, to be lost from sight, and a select number — twenty-seven, all told — have been gathered into a handsome octavo volume. The edition is limited to six hundred copies, — an inadequate number, one would think, judging from the excellence and importance of the work; yet the readers to whom it appeals are probably still a small, though we trust a constantly enlarging, circle.

The names of some of our foremost ornithologists are found in the index of authors; for example, Dr. Elliott Coues, Mr. J. A. Allen, and Mr. Frank M. Chapman, each of whom speaks with authority on the subject which he treats. An interesting variety marks the contributions offered, each article bringing forward some peculiar point in the general topic. In his opening address as President of the Congress, Dr. Coues calls particular attention to the enormous utility of birds, quoting as one item of evidence that "the total output of the poultry industry, in the shape of hens' eggs alone, exceeds annually that of all the mines of gold, silver, and other precious metals."

Mr. Chapman's paper gives an ingenious account of "The Ornithology of Columbus's First Voyage." Now Columbus, in all probability, did not know one bird from another, being presumably as ignorant of these exquisite creatures as the great bulk of mankind remain to the present day; yet the record of his momentous trip across the Atlantic yields data from which the skilled ornithologist gains valuable hints regarding the movements of birds during the period of their autumnal migration. It was the birds, as Dr. Fiske has shown, who guided Columbus to the Bahamas, thereby shortening his perilous voyage and possibly saving himself and his mighty project from destruction by a mutinous crew. The presence of small land-birds about his little fleet of caravels, when they were seven or eight hundred miles from the nearest shore, renewed in the hearts of the sailors their lost hope and fortitude, and, hovering about the vessels from time to time in the weeks following, enabled the heroic leader to control his rebellious men until the coast-line of San Salvador was sighted.

Despite the agreeable diversity manifest in this assemblage of papers, there is a sorrowful plaint sounded in most of them over the destruction which is unceasingly waged against the birds of beautiful plumage throughout the world. Chief of the miscreants engaged in this pitiless warfare is the mercenary assassin who prowls about the fields and hedgerows to

slay the innocents for the gratification of feminine vanity. In a paper on "The Herons of Central Florida," Mr. T. Gibert-Pearson describes the sorrowful scene witnessed by him in a devastated herony in which the plume-hunter had but lately accomplished his fiendish work.

"Under a bunch of grass a dead heron was discovered, from whose back the plumes had not been torn. The ground was still moist with its blood, showing that death had not long before taken place. The dirt had been beaten smooth with its wings; its neck was arched; the feathers on its head were raised; and its bill was buried in the clotted feathers of its breast, where a gaping wound showed where the leaden missile had struck. It was an awful picture of pain. Sorely wounded, this heron had crawled away, and after enduring hours of agony had died, the victim of a foolish passion. Young herons had been left by scores in the nests, to perish from exposure and starvation. These little sufferers, too weak to rise, reached their heads over the nests and faintly called for the food which the dead mothers could never bring."

Would it be more than a just retribution, if each woman who wears on her bonnet an aigrette torn from the back of a murdered heron, or the wing or body of any of the feathered species so cruelly slaughtered to furnish her a barbarous decoration, should be compelled to hear the cries of the starving nestlings moaning in her ear, and to feel in her heart the pang of the dying parent snatched from the care of its helpless young, — should be compelled to hear and feel all this until she repent of her inhumanity? It rests with women to suppress the fearful traffic in the skins of murdered birds for the supply of the milliner's demand. It is said that eight millions of these loveliest beings in the animate world had their gentle lives put out, in answer to fashion's brutal call in the city of Chicago alone, last autumn. How can such things be, and we lay any claim to advance in civilization? It rests with women, too, to stop the wanton destruction of our song-birds by the sling and the small gun in the hands of ruthless boys, who kill every living thing in sight for the mere fun of killing.

We are our own worst enemies in allowing such deplorable work to continue; for when bird-life ends, plant life will end likewise, and human life swiftly follow. It is the birds that save our crops of every kind from the devouring insects, and in their loss we lose a service on which it is scarcely too much to say that our very existence depends. But women and small boys are not the only culprits of human kind worthy of blame for the destruction of our feathered friends. The collector who, under the pretense of furthering science or of stock-

ing a private cabinet, shoots and plunders without mercy, shares in full the guilt of the crime. It is sickening to read, in every number of every periodical devoted to ornithology, the stories of nest-robbing and bird-killing by men who have had a mother and perhaps have children of their own, and yet show no pity for the beings whose devotion and fidelity to their mates and their young is not paralleled by the race holding the highest rank in the animal world.

SARA A. HUBBARD.

FOLK-TALES FOR YOUNG AND OLD.*

Folk-tales appear to be particularly in vogue, judging from the three collections that have lately come to hand. Usually there are but two excuses that can be urged for the publishing of a book of folk-tales. One of them is the desire to supply children with stories; the other, to provide the student with material for serious study. Grimm's "Household Stories" met both needs; many later collections meet neither. There should be no doubt that the folk-tales of his own ethnic group form wholesome food for the child-mind. At a certain age most children live in fairyland; to such among us the dear old stories of the German or the English folk have a real charm. Teachers do not do ill to recognize this fact; and at present many of them dole out such material to their little learners. But it is just as certain that the folk-tales of other ethnic groups have little interest or attractiveness to our small savage or barbarian. It is enough for his little mind to be crammed with gnomes and elves and brownies who think and act somewhat in our own fashion. Both theoretically and practically, he cannot and ought not to be given all kinds of foreign imaginings.

For the student, folk-tales of a given people should be seriously told, as nearly as may be in the native words and style. The collection should rarely be a selection, but should be as complete as prolonged study and collecting can make it. Either the tales should be given simply and without comment, or there should be scholarly notes going to the very marrow and heart of the stories, discussing both expression

* **TOTEM TALES.** By W. S. Phillips. Illustrated by the author. Chicago: Star Publishing Co.

TALES OF LANGUEDOC. By Samuel Jacques Brun. Illustrated by Ernest Peixotto. San Francisco: William Doxey.

FAIRY TALES OF THE SLAV PEASANTS AND HERDSMEN. From the French of Alex. Chodko. Translated and illustrated by Emily J. Harding. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

and thought, and presenting the character and life of the people from whom they come. If illustrated, the book should contain only necessary, helpful, and instructive pictures; it should also be honestly printed, in a compact form, convenient for use. The same book should not aim to please both the child in the nursery and the student in the library, though occasionally it may do so.

Probably these propositions, in their abstract form, will meet with ready acceptance. When they are applied to the three books before us we become critical. The "Totem Tales" are intended for small readers; yet we have a "preface" for which no child will care, a "credit mention" which can mean nothing to children, and twelve pages of "vocabulary and historical appendix" which all "wee tots" will skip. That the two "wee tots" Laura and Elden were delighted by the narration of these stories, we may believe; but they would probably have been also delighted if the tales were told, vigorously and with animation, in the Chinook jargon. For boys and girls to *listen* to stories is one thing; for them to enjoy reading them is another. The book shows much hard work; it breathes an honest and enthusiastic spirit; it contains considerable suggestive matter for older people; but it is not a good book for children who have enough Aryan fairies without Indian *skallatoots*, and enough witches without *Quootshoos*. If meant for adults, the style should be changed, the book condensed to half its present size, and all the illustrations except the Indian pictures omitted. The stories are told in the region of Puget Sound; but they represent several mythic groups, and the native pictures are all Haidah. The notes are unsatisfactory, being often indefinite or even misleading.

Professor Brun's "Tales of Languedoc" have a certain general literary value. The book is not aimed at small children; it does not claim to be important to the student; the author distinctly invites "to the hearth a wider circle." The book really appeals to this wider circle. Children will like the stories, which are daintily told. For folklorists the collection is meagre, there being but half-a-dozen tales. But the ordinary reader of adult years, who delights in good literature and in the life of simple folk, will enjoy the book heartily. In these times of sensational literature, the narrative of days when young men facing life all longed "to make the tour of France" is wholesome.

The collection of Slav Fairy Tales comprises twenty fairy stories; "principally they are

intended" for the young folk, but "it is hoped that older readers will find some additional interest in tracing throughout the many evidences of kinship between these stories and those of more pronounced Eastern origin." There is no question that young people will like the stories, which are well told — notwithstanding their double translation — and are vital with Aryan emotion and thought. Slav-tales are becoming quite common in English dress, both for young people and students. We cannot discuss their character in detail. While some of the stories in this collection are probably new in English, they present many of the characteristic features shown by those already translated.

FREDERICK STARR.

SOME PROBLEMS OF MODERN
PSYCHOLOGY.*

The four volumes included in the present survey may well serve as illustrations of the diversity of the questions upon which the modern psychologist seeks and gives light. They are equally illustrative of the international character of the contributors to this department of knowledge: the one author is an Italian, the second a German, the third a Frenchman, while the fourth, though writing in this country, is an Englishman with considerable German training.

With regard to Professor Mosso's work on "Fear," the reviewer's first duty is to make known the charm of the author's presentation, and the fascination of his treatment of a subject upon which he has labored with great ingenuity and success. It is a brilliant example of a bit of popular scientific writing,— popular not by any sacrifice of accuracy or dignity of presentation, but by the author's strong conviction of the deeply human interest of his subject; and by his ability to express his results in a significant and attractive form. It may well be doubted whether a popular scientific work of this flavor could originate outside of Southern Europe; the Anglo-Saxon scientist would certainly hesitate to throw so much of his own personality into the account of his researches, to mingle social and moral reflections with descriptions of experiments and defense of conclusions. In Professor Mosso's hands the result is to give the reader a refreshing glimpse

*FEAR. By Angelo Mosso. Translated from the fifth edition of the Italian, by E. Lough and F. Kiesow. New York: Longmans, Green, & Co.

GENIUS AND DEGENERATION. A Psychological Study. By Dr. William Hirsch. Translated from the second edition of the German work. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

ALTERATIONS OF PERSONALITY. By Alfred Binet. Translated by Helen Green Baldwin, with Notes and a Preface by J. Mark Baldwin. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

AN OUTLINE OF PSYCHOLOGY. By Edward Bradford Titchener. New York: The Macmillan Co.

of a genial and enthusiastic devotee of science and to imbue many of his pages with the exhilarating charm of a fascinating story. To recommend the book as a model for others to follow would, however, be a venturesome step.

The title of the book is somewhat misleading; its general subject is the Physiology of the Emotions, amongst which fear is treated somewhat fully, but by no means to the exclusion of other important topics; while the general introduction upon the relations of mental states to bodily states forms one of the most valuable portions of the work. This is indeed the keynote of his problem, the gaining of a physiological insight into the nature of the emotions. "The time has come when we must throw off our professional robes, tie on our aprons, roll up our sleeves, and begin the vivisection of the human heart according to scientific methods." Blushing, trembling, pallor, the quickening of the heart-beat and the respiration, the distortion of the facial muscles, weeping, the frown, the cry, cold perspiration, cold shivers, goose-skin, momentary paralysis, and the like,—these are the symptoms the explanation of which attract Professor Mosso's abilities. In part this is the problem of Darwin, whose researches in the expression of the emotions are frequently cited and discussed; but the physiological aspect is more particularly dwelt upon, and leads repeatedly to a refutation of the conclusions suggested by zoological considerations alone. It is hardly possible to discuss within the present limits these conclusions and their evidence; but some attempt may be made to suggest the author's fertility in experiment.

One of Professor Mosso's most valuable researches proved most strikingly the exquisitely delicate relation between blood-supply and emotional or mental disturbance. He constructed a balance-table resting on knife-edges, on which the subject could recline, while delicate apparatus recorded the heart-beat as well as the slightest divergence of this "scientific cradle" from the position of perfect equilibrium. The slightest change in the occupation, a sudden noise, talking to the subject, listening to music, reading, even the change from the familiar Italian to the translating from Homer, caused regular changes in the rate and nature of the pulse. Another instrument devised by the author to register similar changes is the plethysmograph, which consists essentially of a glass cylinder large enough to contain the arm, and so connected that the slightest change in the volume of the arm as determined by the flow of blood toward or away from the arm, is delicately recorded. While the apparatus was applied to one of his subjects in the laboratory of the eminent Leipsic physiologist, Professor Ludwig, the latter walked into the room, whereupon the volume of the arm instantly and markedly decreased, the blood being drawn off to the brain by the mental disturbance. The eminent professor noted his appreciation of the significance of the experiment by marking on the record at the point of the disturbance caused by his own appearance on the scene,

“Der Löwe kommt” (“Enter the lion”). Similar effects are shown upon dogs; the printed record of the change in a dog's pulsation caused by the sight of a gun or the click of the trigger is more eloquent than much description. Still more remarkable are the cases in which, owing to an injury to the skull, the apparatus could be directly applied to the exposed brain. Such a patient is being observed as he falls asleep; the pulsations gradually become regular and smooth, like the disappearance of the ripples from the surface of a sheet of water.

“At length Bertino fell asleep. Consciousness was extinguished, the troublous thoughts of life had ceased; only the last sentinels of the nervous system were still vigilant. At the slightest noise, a wave of blood disturbed the surface of the brain. If the hospital clock struck the hour, or someone walked along the terrace, if I moved my chair or wound up my watch, or if a patient coughed in the next room — everything, the slightest sound, was accompanied by a marked alteration in the circulation of the brain, all immediately traced by the pen which the brain guided on the paper of my registering apparatus.”

After Bertino had slept an hour and a half, Professor Mosso arose and gently called his name. He did not stir, but the blood circulation was markedly altered, and even the noise made in the rising from the chair left its trace on the pulse record.

This minute interaction between emotion and some physiological change, between thought and its expression, — this conviction that our feelings and our reflections are writ large in our bodily system, if only we can render the record legible, — dominates all of the author's inquiries; and there is perhaps no one among contemporaneous workers who has contributed more to the proof and development of this conception than Professor Mosso. The appearance of some portion of his results in an English form is a deserved tribute to their value, — a tribute rendered several years ago by the German and the French edition of this work.

The notion that the great man, in his striking divergence from popular standards of thought, feeling, and action, is somehow akin to the madman who is equally out of touch with the average man, has been the frequent subject of epigram, from Plato and Aristotle to Shakespeare and Dryden. The problem thus suggested has been repeatedly presented in recent years in the light of modern psychological study; and it is as a strictly psychological problem that Dr. Hirsch, the author of “Genius and Degeneration,” proposed to treat it; although, as will appear presently, with a distinctly timely *motif*. The useful discussion of the relations between genius and insanity would seem to be dependent upon an understanding of what is meant by genius and what by insanity. The most various conceptions of genius have been entertained; a great deal of hard thinking has been expended in drawing a distinction between genius and talent; much of this seems to be dominated by a desire to keep the great man in a class *sui generis*, unap-

proachable through the avenues of cleverness, pains-taking ability, and success. Quite the contrary notion has been likewise entertained, making the genius nothing more than the development to an unusual degree of the qualities distinguishing the leaders, great and small, of mankind, — “the infinite capacity for taking pains.” Some have seemed to discover the true secret of genius in the unconsciousness, the inspiration, of his work; others in his marked originality; others in the keenness of his sensibilities and the vividness of his imagination; others again in his irresistible impulse toward, his passion for, self-expression. Insanity, likewise, is a term not easily defined; when the doctors discuss the classification of insanity their differences in conceptions of the nature of the condition at once appear; and when the doctor and the lawyer come into conflict over this mooted point, the expectation of any mutually satisfactory result is quite idle. None the less, the underlying essentials of the insane condition are sufficiently well understood to enable an alienist, such as Dr. Hirsch, to bring to the study of his problem a practical notion of what insanity is. We may be quite certain of where the centre of an infected district lies, even if we do not know how far it extends on all sides; we can point out the focus, even if we cannot draw the boundary lines of the penumbra.

The outlook for tracing a definite relation between terms so vaguely defined is certainly not very promising; and it cannot be claimed that the light of psychological science has as yet penetrated very far into the obscurity of this field. The cause of this failure lies to a very considerable extent in the inherent imperfections of the data. The study of individuals is always difficult; there is the constant difficulty of separating the essential and typical from the accidental; with regard to most men of genius, the facts most valuable for such an investigation are unknown, the interest in observing or recording such facts being distinctly a modern acquisition. There is, again, the question of how far imperfections and abnormalities would be revealed in the lives of average mortals if the biographical searchlight were turned upon them. And there is still another difficulty, as serious perhaps as any, in the requirement of treating as a group a number of individuals who have frequently so little in common and who present such striking individualities and differences.

The author of “Genius and Degeneration” brings to the discussion of this problem as keen and comprehensive an insight into its nature and difficulties as any recent contributor to this field. He perhaps does not add appreciably to our knowledge of the subject; but he presents the problem ably and attractively. He points out the essential weakness of such theories as that of Dr. Lombroso, whose conception of genius is so elastic that any divergence from commonplaceness may be included in it, and who carefully checks up every personal foible and trick of mind and body as a mark of mental instability.

ity. The author shows clearly that the same outward traits may appear in the insane and in the genius; and yet these traits will be psychologically diverse. In the same way, two men may rise to eminence in allied fields—Goethe and Schiller are the author's favorite examples—and yet the psychological nature of their distinction be entirely different. This insistence upon the necessity of a comparability of the mental faculties involved in different kinds of genius is important, and characterizes the entire discussion. On the other hand, full recognition is given to the fact that morbid characteristics abound in the lives of great men. To send the arrow to the highest mark, the cord must be stretched to its utmost; and what wonder if it occasionally snaps! Great men are to madness near allied, but the more precise nature of this connection is still a perplexing problem.

Dr. Hirsch's volume is not wholly devoted to the discussion of genius; it is equally concerned with the much-talked-of degeneration which is supposed to be a marked characteristic of our times. In this respect the author takes up a position antagonistic to Dr. Nordau, and proceeds at considerable length, and with a long review of evidence, to show the groundlessness of Nordau's alarm. He has no difficulty in exhibiting Nordau as a *dilettante* in psychology, who applies his two lashes, degeneration and hysteria, without justice and without discrimination; but the tone of this discussion is too controversial for the English reader. And although the chapter on Wagner and the chapter on Art and Insanity make interesting reading, the work must depend for its more permanent value upon the earlier chapters dealing with Genius and Insanity.

The general impression which the reader is likely to carry away from a reading of M. Binet's "Alterations of Personality" will be that of a bewildering array of curious, interesting, and puzzling facts and cases; that, indeed, the mind of man is fearfully and wonderfully made. The central topic of the discussion is the nature of the subconscious and automatic mental activities; and the facts are derived from the study of natural somnambulism, of momentary and protracted distraction, of the varied phenomena of hypnotism, of the protean forms of hysteria, and of other obscure forms of nervous derangement. The thesis to be supported by the analysis of cases is the existence of multiple personalities, of various egos, at times successively, at times simultaneously in one individual; such personalities being more or less ignorant of, and yet in part connected with, one another. The array of evidence begins with the description of a few astounding cases, which certainly seem to admit of no other interpretation than that of a complete dissolution of the personality. The most interesting case is that of a French soldier who, in consequence of a bullet wound in the brain, developed a most astounding aggregation of mental symptoms. At indefinite intervals he passes within a few seconds from

his normal condition to the abnormal one—the latter being characterized by the loss of all the senses save touch, by a complete absence of all initiative in his movements, by a reduction to a state of total automatism. His sense defects, however, are not real, not physiological, but of that complicated mentally inhibited type characteristic of hysteria. With this as the extreme case, the author proceeds to other similar cases, and then takes up an extended series of observations of hypnotised hysterical subjects; the constant symptoms in these cases being some form of anaesthesia and the possibility of exciting subconscious action through the stimulation of the anaesthetic surfaces. The phenomena of distraction, of suggestion, and of automatic writing are studied in some detail, and are further illustrated in the presentation from the author's point of view of the more generally recognized hypnotic phenomena in normal subjects,—post-hypnotic suggestion, negative hallucinations, suggested alterations of personality, and the like; and finally the same principles of explanation are applied to the phenomena of table-moving, rapping, and spirit messages.

The main value of M. Binet's book, which sanctions the present translation, lies in its discerning and unprejudiced collection of cases; it is a valuable reference book for those desirous of knowing the kind of work upon which the students of abnormal psychology, particularly in France, have been engaged within recent years. The subject treated is very abstruse and obscure, and it is no disparagement of the gifted author's endeavors to say that the total outcome of his researches is unsatisfactory both in kind and amount. As a matter of method, as well as for other reasons, it would unquestionably be better—as the sponsor of the English edition, Professor Baldwin, points out—to begin with those cases diverging least from normal every-day experience, and gradually lead up to the complete dissolutions of personality. Had this been done it would have deprived the term "alterations of personality" of its extreme and forbidding significance; and have made it clear to the reader that when he goes on copying from a text by mere force of habit while his mind is elsewhere, or fails to hear the clock tick, but can afterwards resuscitate the ticks from the subconscious, or cannot remember whether he has wound his watch or not and finds that he has done so, but not consciously,—that in these cases the perceiving and the acting agent is somewhat different from the normal fully conscious self. The author has also laid himself open to the charge of neglecting the accurate description of the conditions of his experiments,—a fault always serious in scientific work, and particularly so in this field where the sources of error are so many and so difficult to avoid. A book including fewer cases, more accurately described, more systematically arranged, more concisely treated, would certainly have created a stronger impression of scientific method and results than is done by M. Binet's volume. Pioneer work, however, can never be architecturally perfect.

It still remains for some discerning compiler to bring together the various facts of this fascinating but treacherous study, in a form at once scientific, attractive, and pedagogical.

The problem which Professor Titchener attempts to solve in his "Outline of Psychology" is of great practical importance, especially in this country, where, perhaps more than in any other, attention is given to psychology as an educational discipline. This problem is the satisfaction of the demand for a clear, readable, scientific, and fairly comprehensive elementary text-book for the student and general reader. It can hardly be said that there is any general agreement, either as to the fact material or the method of presentation, among the "Psychologies" of to-day. If one takes up a similar group of text-books in physics or physiology, one finds a very marked similarity and concordance, the differences being confined in the main to minor points of treatment and special emphasis of certain facts or methods. Very likely the suitable text-book will emerge as the result of a process of selection from among many and diverse trials; and for the present the professional psychologist and the interested reader must be content to welcome every able contribution, and be thankful for so much of light and aid as it may give. As a contribution both able and useful, Professor Titchener's volume will unquestionably find, as it deserves, a most cordial welcome. In many ways it is the most serviceable text-book of psychology from a modern scientific point of view that has been written.

The method is analytic, the main stress being laid upon the discovery and description of the simplest elements of which mental life is composed; and following this the combination and elaboration of these elementary processes into the varied activities of mind demand attention, while the connection of these with physiological conditions is considered, though not prominently so, throughout. The experimental method is adhered to, and, indeed, the author claims to present only "the most important results of experimental psychology." Bearing this in mind, it is somewhat disappointing to find the really experimental results treated in so step-motherly a fashion; it is true they are always cited, but their mode of citation would frequently seem to give color to the view that the principles involved are established by other facts and methods, and merely receive a certain acceptable, though not indispensable, corroboration from the experimental evidence. That this impression is not intended is quite clear, and it very likely results, similar to the equally unfortunate absence of all mention of the sources of the experimental data and of references to further information, from a desire for the greatest possible condensation.

As was indicated above, the psychological leaders are not yet in complete harmony as to either doctrine or practice; and Professor Titchener is in a measure an adherent of a school within a school. He is an ex-

perimentalist, but clings to the special interpretation of certain fundamental principles which is characteristic of Wundt and his disciples; and to this he adds an adherence to "the traditional English Psychology." The result of this extremely definite position, consciously and consistently maintained, is to make the work clear, exact in expression, systematic, methodical. The reader cannot but feel that the author has strong convictions as to what is to be said, when and where it is to be said, and how it is to be said. Admirable as these characteristics are, it is much to be feared that they will detract from the inspirational value of the work to the beginner. In brief, the work lacks suggestiveness; the outlines are too complete in itself, too severe and unadorned. It may be said, however, and with truth, that this is precisely the point at which the teacher should supplement his text-book. Notwithstanding these failings—and there are a few other peculiarities which might be mentioned in the same class—the work is thoroughly good and useful. It is not an ideal text-book, but is in many respects as close an approximation to the ideal now entertained in the minds of the teachers of psychology as any recent writer has been able to prepare.

JOSEPH JASTROW.

BRIEFS ON NEW BOOKS.

The literature of Omar Khayyām. The reviewer attacks Mr. Nathan Haskell Dole's *variorum* edition of the "Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyām," published in two handsome volumes by the Joseph Knight Co., with a feeling that the editor's task has been not unlike that of "breaking a butterfly," and that all this ponderous enginery of annotation and illustration might better have been reserved for some less modest and more voluminous poet. After the volumes have been examined, the same reviewer is ready to "take back" whatever *a priori* objections he may have made, and to express instead something of the gratitude which he feels for a piece of work so interesting and so thoroughly well done. The edition proves its own justification and needs no theoretical defence or apology. It consists essentially of three parts: an introduction, a *variorum* text, and a collection of appendices. The introduction, which extends to 132 pages, is a historical and critical essay upon the fortunes of Omar in the modern world. It describes the various translations into English, French, and German, and reproduces many interesting passages from the writers who have dealt with Omar, all the way from Dr. Thomas Hyde (1636-1703) to Mr. John Leslie Garner of Milwaukee. It includes, among many other matters of interest, Professor Cowell's paper in the "Calcutta Review," with its curiously cautious recognition of Omar's genius, and its specimen quatrains, to which FitzGerald was so much indebted, as the following will illustrate:

"Oh heart, wert thou pure from the body's dust,
Thou should'st soar, naked spirit, alone the sky;
Highest heaven is thy native seat,—for shame, for shame,
That thou should'st stoop to dwell in a city of clay."

The introduction also includes several noteworthy critical discussions of Omar, and the passages in FitzGerald's letters that relate to his own occupation with the Persian poet. FitzGerald's paper on Omar then follows, and the text of FitzGerald's second edition. The remaining half of the first volume gives us the various translations of Nicolas, Bodenstedt, Graf von Schack, Whinfield, Mr. Michael Kerney, Mr. J. H. McCarthy, Mr. J. L. Garner, and of FitzGerald in his first, third, and fourth editions. All the translations of a given quatrain are brought together upon two pages facing each other, thus making easy the work of comparison. It is extremely interesting to note the differences between these versions, of which as many as ten are in the case of some stanzas brought together. The second volume of Mr. Dole's edition is wholly given up to appendices, which term is in this case interpreted to include all manner of notes, illustrations, parallel passages from other poets, and bibliographical information. It is all reading of the most delightful sort for anyone who cares for Omar, and our thankfulness to his editor increases with every page. The work is creditable to Mr. Dole's learning, taste, and industry alike; it would be difficult to improve upon it, and to most readers, who know their FitzGerald's Omar and nothing more, the bringing together of all this literature will prove nothing less than a revelation.

The House of the Ivory Gate. Mr. John Bigelow's work entitled "The Mystery of Sleep" (Harper) is what De Quincey would have called

Rhetoric, although the thesis which the book recommends does not seem to fall within that singular category, "the immense range of truths where . . . the affirmative and the negative are both true." The thesis in question is to the effect that sleep is not merely a period for physical refreshment, but that its presumptive purpose is chiefly the admission of the soul to certain sacred mysteries, "for the reception of such spiritual instruction as we may be qualified to receive there" (p. 133). Mr. Bigelow does not seem desirous of establishing this point to a certainty; he plays the part of De Quincey's rhetorician, who "exhibits his art by giving an impulse to one side, and by withdrawing the mind so steadily from all thoughts or images which support the other, as to leave it practically under the possession of a one-sided estimate." Not that we believe that in this age of rigid scientific proof many minds will be left under the possession of the estimate in question; but such is the purpose of the writer. Mr. Bigelow's book is practically an amplification of the statement, "I have noted various things about sleep which lead me to think that it may be a time for spiritual growth." Where the affirmative is so tentatively put, there is little need

of any negative at all. We own that our idea of spiritual growth is very different. We do not believe that spiritual strength is suffused about us while we lie in passive torpor; we think that it is to be attained only as the reward of active and vigorous exercise. But we know so little accurately of spiritual growth that we cannot be dogmatic as to its conditions, and there is so much that is uncertain about sleep that it is not difficult to say, Why not this or that connection? One point noted by Mr. Bigelow is certainly significant of something, namely, the fact that people are apt to sleep in church. We think, however, that he is the first to detect any spiritual significance in the practise. Mr. Bigelow would reverse Lear's order, "I'll pray and then I'll sleep," for he thinks the little nap comes best at the beginning (p. 95). This view is at least a comforting explanation of a matter which has heretofore been taken chiefly as a cause for mocking and scorn.

The making and protection of American Highways.

Professor N. S. Shaler, in his work entitled "American Highways" (Century Co.), has presented an account of the public roads of this country, their unsatisfactory condition, and the means and methods of their renovation. The subject is well discussed from its historic, economic, and engineering aspects, and it is well that the community should be freshly aroused as to its interests and duties. Within a few years two valuable assistants have come to the aid of Professor Shaler's "highwaymen"; these are the stone-crusher and the road-roller, both operated by steam. Aside from the important modifications in the practice of road-making which follow the use of these machines, little can be added to the literature of this subject as it was developed in the early part of this century, and as it was taught in at least one American school of engineering forty years ago. The art of making a good road is well known, and is easily formulated: Grade and drain your way; crush and distribute your stone, and roll it down. There is plenty of good road-metal in Massachusetts, in the form of trap, granite, and conglomerate; there, the bones of old Terra protrude through the scanty soil in picturesque profusion, even where the native gravel needs no epidermal protection. But what can be done in the great central plain stretching from Pennsylvania to Colorado, where areas much larger than Switzerland, which Professor Shaler refers to as a worthy example for emulation, are utterly destitute of rock? Or where in areas equally broad the only rocks are decayed limestones, or sandstones of even less cohesion? In America, the highway has lost much of its commercial consequence, and has become a luxury to be enjoyed by the users of the pleasure wagon, the bicycle, and the coming motor. Its commercial importance has faded under the supremacy of the railway and before the growing distribution of the electric tram. It has to contend with the same silent influences which have banished the Conestoga wagon, the

Concord stage, and the draft horse, which have opened forever the turnpike gates, and have left to many a once noted wayside inn only the remembrance of the prosperous days when a perennial stream of travellers enjoyed its exuberant hospitality.

*Gossip about
Charles II.
and his mistresses.*

Peter Cunningham left behind him several works of value and several which were more amusing than anything else. "The Story of Nell Gwyn" (Francis P. Harper) is of the latter class. It has long been out of print, and is now republished with a sketch of the author's life, a few notes, and some good portraits. We confess to a feeling that it would have been quite as well to have left the book where it was. Antiquarians or students could always get at it; and as for popular interest, we are inclined to think that the Restoration has declined in popular interest of late. Restoration plays will probably continue to have a value to the collector, and Pepys will probably never be deserted. But we suspect that there are now but few who care much for anecdotes of Charles II. and Nell Gwyn, Moll Davis, Louise de Querouaille, the Countess of Castlemaine, and others of their kind. Mr. Cunningham notes as the "true apology for this story" the testimony of Cibber, who says that Mrs. Gwyn had less laid to her charge than the king's other mistresses, that she never dabbled in politics, that she was not unfaithful but had a "particular, personal inclination for the king." This speaks well for Mrs. Gwyn, but surely not so well as to make one yearn to know more of her. But if anyone wishes to know Nell Gwyn and her time fairly well without burdening the memory, we offer him the story that she gave the King the name of Charles III. because he was the successor of Charles Hart and Charles Sackville.

*Scottish ballad
poetry.*

In "The Balladists" (imported by Scribner) Mr. John Geddie has succeeded very happily in a somewhat difficult task. Everybody knows that ballad poetry, although in itself a simple and popular thing, offers a glorious opportunity to the specialist. And although an old ballad may be a pure delight to the appreciative, it may also give occasion to the most arid and tortuous mouthings. Mr. Geddie gives us a taste of his quality in his preface; he says that instead of studying out the original or most authentic reading in any particular case, he has purposely taken that which best pleased his ear or clung most closely to his memory. Hence we have not a strictly scholarly treatise, but a more intimate account, written as much from the heart as from the intellect, and to the heart as well. To such a treatment almost anything may be forgiven (except ignorance or inaccuracy, on which points Mr. Geddie would seem to be quite blameless), provided only the treatment is successful, as is here the case. Mr. Geddie has made an attractive book on an attractive subject, a subject on which everybody has many associations

and little information. His work, we should have said before, is confined to the Scotch Ballads: it makes a volume of the "Famous Scots" series. It was very well to include such a volume in the series: perhaps "famous" is hardly the word for the unknown authors of these well-known ballads,—but although they did little for their individual fame, they certainly did much for the fame of their country.

*Early Scotch
literature.*

The present currency in literature of the Scots dialect gives a more general interest to Professor William Hand Browne's "Early Scottish Poets" (Johns Hopkins Press) than it would otherwise possess. The book is a publication of what has long existed in MS. for the use of Professor Browne's classes, and is intended chiefly for students of Scottish literature and dialect. It gives selections from Scotch poetry from Barbour to Lyndsay, with an introduction, notes, on the poets and on the texts, and a glossary. Being practically on the same general plan as Zupitza's *Übungsbuch*, it has, even for the student, the same difficulty as that excellent work,—namely, that it pushes brevity and conciseness to such an extreme as to impair its usefulness a little, except in the hands of a competent teacher. The student of Middle English, however, will find the book something of a necessity, for it is a most convenient basis for work, and, so far as it goes, thorough and accurate. The more general reader may be glad of an opportunity to see the practical evidences of Scotch literature at a time when there was a literary language in North Britain far more distinct than that which exists to-day.

*Miss Kirkland's
Short History
of Italy.*

A history of Italy with its almost inextricable tangle of petty national and international complications, in less than five hundred small pages, to be of any value at all must be either a profound study of the great forces at work throughout Europe shaping its institutions during the past fourteen centuries, and their special manifestations in this central land, or, on the other hand, a clear and concise statement of the annals of that richly endowed but unfortunate people. Miss Kirkland, in the latest addition to her series of Short Histories (McClurg), has attempted the latter task, and with at least fair success. The general reader will find in this book perhaps the best complete account of the events that have occurred in that peninsula whose priceless contributions to the world's civilization make its history of perennial interest. Half the book is given to the development of national unity during the present century, and this part is by far the most interesting because of its greater fulness.

*Archibald Forbes
in lighter vein.*

The chief business of the journalist is, somebody says, to make himself readable; and no one is likely to find Mr. Archibald Forbes lacking in this alleged cardinal merit of his craft. The little volume entitled "Camps, Quarters, and Casual Places" (Macmillan)

contains some capital and characteristic examples of Mr. Forbes's lighter work. There are nineteen papers in all, reprinted largely from the "Nineteenth Century," the "Contemporary Review," "McClure's Magazine," etc. The themes treated are widely diversified, as may be inferred from such titles as "German War Prayers," "A Version of Balaclava," "Christmas in a Cavalry Regiment," "My Native Salmon River," "The Inverness 'Character' Fair," "The Military Courage of Royalty," and so on. The sketches are all lively and graphic, and may serve to while away an evening or two not unprofitably.

The elements of the air. In "The Gases of the Atmosphere" (Macmillan), Professor Ramsay, of University College, London, describes, in a style both popular and scientific, the denizens of that invisible realm, the air. The successive steps by which the constituent elements of the atmosphere have been discovered, isolated, measured, weighed, and their properties ascertained, are explained to the intelligent lay reader as well as to the trained chemist. Two subjects receive especial attention. The first is the almost forgotten phlogiston, which, like the inter-planetary ether of to-day, was only a creation of the philosophic imagination, devised to explain difficulties otherwise apparently insoluble. For a century the ideal phlogiston was a stumbling-stone in the path of chemical discovery, which vanished only when chemistry was subjected to accurate experimentation, chastened by mathematical methods. The other topic is the discovery and accurate determination of argon, the latest-found constituent of the air.

BRIEFER MENTION.

English texts for school use multiply space. We have recently received two editions of "The Princess," one edited by Professor Woodberry (Longmans), the other by Mr. A. J. George (Heath). In the "Athenaeum Press Series" (Ginn), we have "Sartor Resartus," edited by Professor Archibald MacMechan, and a volume of selections from Steele, edited by Professor G. R. Carpenter. The same publishers put forth Spenser's "Britomart," a volume of passages from the "Faery Queene," edited by Miss Mary E. Litchfield. In the "Riverside Literature Series" (Houghton), we have four scattered books of Pope's "Iliad," and Burke's speech on "Conciliation," the latter edited by Mr. Robert Anderson. We get a good deal more of Burke in the volume of "Selections" made by Professor Bliss Ferry for Messrs. Henry Holt & Co., as good a book of its sort as one could wish. Finally, the American Book Co. publish Carlyle's essay on Burns in a small volume, with a few notes.

The Macmillan Co. publish a new and extended edition of the admirable "Physiology for Beginners" that we owe to the collaboration of Professor Foster and Dr. L. E. Shore. The same publishers send us a "Hygiene for Beginners," by Dr. Ernest S. Reynolds. Messrs. Hinds and Noble publish in their "University

Tutorial Series" a text-book of "The Tutorial Chemistry, Part I," by Messrs. G. H. Bailey and W. Briggs. Messrs. Henry Holt & Co. publish the "Outlines of Electricity and Magnetism," a clear and logical treatise by Professor Charles A. Perkins.

Some fifty pages of Robinsons usher in the new volume (the forty-ninth) of the "Dictionary of National Biography" (Macmillan), and some fifty pages of Russells stand guard at the end. The greatest literary name included is that of the Rossettis, of whom Dr. Richard Garnett writes with knowledge and sympathy. George Romney is the subject of another important article. Mr. C. H. Firth's account of Prince Rupert is the longest biography included in this volume.

A number of German text-books have recently been published. The American Book Co. have a "First Year in German," by Professor I. Keller, and Storm's "Immensee," edited by Mr. F. A. Dauer. Messrs. D. C. Heath & Co. send us "Köpnicke Strasse 120," by Herren Moser and Heiden, edited by Professor B. W. Wells; and Goethe's "Iphigenie auf Tauris," edited by Professor Lewis A. Rhoades. Messrs. Ginn & Co. publish a volume of "Tales from Hauff," edited by Professor Charles B. Goold. Last of all, a selection of "German Scientific Reading," made by Professors H. C. G. Brandt and W. C. Day, comes to us from Messrs. Henry Holt & Co.

"The Earth and Its Story," by Professor Angelo Heilprin, is a "first book of geology" published by Messrs. Silver, Burdett, & Co. It is a very elementary treatise, highly readable, and provided with satisfactory illustrations. The American Book Co. publish an "Elementary Meteorology," by Dr. Frank Waldo, designed for high schools and colleges. The suggestions of the Committee of Ten have been taken as the basis of this work. "Problems in Elementary Physics," by Mr. E. Dana Pierce, comes from Messrs. Henry Holt & Co. Messrs. Ginn & Co. publish a "Laboratory Manual of Inorganic Chemistry," by Mr. Rufus P. Williams; and a handbook of "Inorganic Chemical Preparations," by Dr. Frank Hall Thorp. Both of these books are admirably planned for high school use.

Mr. Andrew J. George has just published a school volume of "Select Poems of Robert Burns" (Heath), putting to good account his long experience as a teacher and as an editor of annotated texts. He gives us a careful preface, over two hundred pages of the poems and something like a hundred pages of notes. He makes extensive use of brief extracts from those writers who have dealt critically with Burns, wherein he does wisely, for such extracts are of great value to students. The note of enthusiasm for his subject is possibly a little strained, but few writers who take up Burns for criticism quite keep their balance, and Mr. George errs in good company.

Professor Edward B. Poulton, of Oxford, England, issues in the "Century Science Series" (Macmillan) an account of Charles Darwin and the Theory of Natural Selection, which is a model of clearness and brevity. It is at once a memoir of Darwin, a lucid statement of the theory which bears his name, and a history of the processes by which the theory was evolved. The elements of power are portrayed that won, almost against their will, the support of Lyell and Huxley, Hooker and Asa Gray, and within less than twoscore years have assured the world-wide recognition of Darwin as one of the foremost discoverers of the closing century.

LITERARY NOTES.

Messrs. Henry Holt & Co. announce a series of "Lives of the Great Explorers," by well-known writers.

The long-expected critical study of Shakespeare by Dr. Georg Brandes, in Mr. Archer's translation, is again announced for early publication by the Macmillan Co.

"The Story of Extinct Civilizations of the East," by Mr. Robert E. Anderson, is published by Messrs. D. Appleton & Co. in their "Library of Useful Stories."

The "Cambridge" Lowell is to be published immediately by Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. It will present all the poems in a single volume, uniform with the "Cambridge" Longfellow, Whittier, and Holmes.

The Macmillan Co. publish Maria Edgeworth's "Belinda," with an Introduction by Mrs. Anne Thackeray Ritchie and illustrations by Miss Chris Hammond, in their handsome series of "Illustrated Standard Novels."

"St. Ives," the last — up to date — of Stevenson's posthumous works, will begin as a serial in the March number of "McClure's Magazine." It is a love-story and tale of adventure, left "all but complete" at Stevenson's death.

"The Chronicles," edited by Professor R. G. Moulton, is published by the Macmillan Co. in "The Modern Reader's Bible." The same publishers send us Jonson's "Every Man in his Humour," in the pretty series of "Temple Dramatists."

A thoroughly revised edition of Lanier's "The English Novel," printed from new plates and including several passages that have not been printed before, is now published by Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons. Mrs. Lanier has prepared this edition for the press.

Messrs. T. Y. Crowell & Co. have in press a new and revised edition of Cary's version of Dante's "Divina Commedia," together with Rossetti's translation of the "Vita Nuova," edited by Professor L. Oscar Kuhns of Wesleyan University, with explanatory notes and introduction. The work will be illustrated.

A series of volumes made up entirely from the original sources of American history is announced by the Macmillan Co., under the general title "American History told by Contemporaries" and the editorship of Professor A. B. Hart. The initial volume, "Era of Colonization — 1492 to 1689," is promised for April.

The first number of "The Expositor," the new theological monthly published by Messrs. Dodd, Mead & Co., has just reached us. Dr. Robertson Nicoll is the English editor, and his American associate is Dr. Charles Cuthbert Hall. The magazine is attractive in appearance, and contains a variety of articles — some popular and some purely scholarly — by well-known writers.

A correspondent writes us that Mr. Aldrich's poem of "Judith and Holofernes," reviewed in the last issue of THE DIAL, is incorrectly spoken of as "new." The poem is new in its present form and under its present title, — some lyrical interludes, etc., constituting about a hundred and twenty out of its thousand lines, as stated in the author's introduction, having been printed about ten years ago under the title "Judith."

We have heretofore refrained from mentioning the great co-operative work upon modern history planned by Lord Acton, because only the vaguest announcements of the project have reached us until recently. It seems, however, that preparation of the work is assured, that it will extend to twelve volumes, and that it will be called

"The Cambridge Modern History." The first volume, dealing with the Renaissance, will probably be ready in two or three years.

The authorities at Harvard are gradually increasing the courses offered in their Summer School, and widening the scope of the instruction. During the early years of the school's existence, only a few elementary courses in science were taught, but the list of courses to be given in 1897 contains the names of thirty-four courses in arts and sciences, embracing almost all the subjects taught at the university. Modern languages are represented, as well as the classics, history and civil government, psychology, pedagogy, mathematics, topographical surveying, and the whole range of sciences.

Dr. Elliott Coues has been engaged upon, and Mr. Francis P. Harper is to publish, "The Journals of Alexander Henry the Younger, and David Thompson," an important work of exploration of the West in the early years of this century. Dr. Coues writes of the author of this work in the following terms: "Henry was a fur trader among the Indians, and a partner in the Northwest Fur Company. His daily Journal opens in 1799, and ends with his death in 1814. He was a remarkable man — a keen observer and accurate recorder, and preeminently a man of veracity in the writing of his Journal, concealing nothing, not even palliating anything. His diary may be compared with that of Samuel Pepys in many respects. It throws a flood of new light on the actual life of those hardy 'Northmen' without artificial coloring or sentimental romanticism. The stirring incidents and clear-cut picture of life in the wilderness holds the reader's attention from beginning to end. As a piece of contemporaneous history it is simply invaluable. Nothing like it exists either in print or in manuscript."

TOPICS IN LEADING PERIODICALS.

February, 1897 (Second List).

Animate World a Unity. Albert Gaudry. *Popular Science*.
 Athletics for Women. Sophie F. Richardson. *Pop. Science*.
 Automatism, Interpretations of. W. R. Newbold. *Pop. Sci.*
 Being, Plural States of. Alfred Binet. *Popular Science*.
 Bird Lore and Bird Love. Sara A. Hubbard. *Dial* (Feb. 16).
 British Democracy Conservatism. W. E. H. Lecky. *No. Am.*
 Bryce, James, on Armenia. O. T. Morton. *Dial* (Feb. 16).
 Californians, Some Primitive. Mary S. Barnes. *Pop. Sciences*.
 Condemnation of Criminals not Punishment. *Pop. Science*.
 Confederacy, The, Why It Failed. *Century*.
 Cooper, Fenimore, and Mark Twain. *Dial* (Feb. 16).
 Copenhagen, Battle of. A. T. Mahan. *Century*.
 Europe, Racial Geography of. W. Z. Ripley. *Pop. Science*.
 Folk-Tales, Recent Books of. Fred'k Starr. *Dial* (Feb. 16).
 French Navy, The. M. Georges Clemenceau. *No. American*.
 French Presidents, Powers of the. Hannie Taylor. *No. Am.*
 Gunning, W. D., Scientific Work of. *Popular Sciences*.
 Indian Wampum Records. Horatio Hale. *Popular Science*.
 Jesuit Relations, The. B. A. Hinsdale. *Dial* (Feb. 16).
 Lover, Samuel. Fanny Schmidt. *Century*.
 Medical Experts and the Homicide. H. S. Williams. *No. Am.*
 Monotypes. William A. Coffin. *Century*.
 New Epoch and the Currency. G. S. Morison. *No. America*.
 New York, Places in. Mrs. S. Van Rensselaer. *Century*.
 Philippine Islands, The. John Barrett. *North America*.
 Psychology, Modern Problems of. Joe Jastrow. *Dial* (Feb. 16).
 Schopenhauer, Philosophy of. W. M. Payne. *Dial* (Feb. 16).
 Shakespeare in France. *Dial* (Feb. 16).
 Speculation in Damage Claims. Parmalee Prentiss. *No. Am.*
 Spencer, Herbert. William H. Hudson. *Popular Science*.
 South Africa. John Hays Hammond. *North America*.
 Woman Suffrage in England. Lady Dilke. *North America*.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

[The following list, containing 51 titles, includes books received by THE DIAL since its last issue.]

GENERAL LITERATURE.

Literary Anecdotes of the Nineteenth Century: Contributions towards a Literary History of the Period. Edited by W. Robertson Nicoll, M.A., and T. J. Wise. Vol. II.; illus., 8vo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 495. Dodd, Mead & Co. \$8. The Early Correspondence of Hans von Bülow. Edited by his Widow; selected and trans. by Constance Bache. With portraits, large 8vo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 266. D. Appleton & Co. \$4.50.

English Prose: Selections with Critical Introductions by Various Writers, and General Introductions to Each Period. Edited by Henry Craik. New library edition; in five vols., 12mo, gilt tops. Macmillan Co. Boxed, \$7.50. Guesses at the Riddle of Existence, and Other Essays on Kindred Subjects. By Goldwin Smith, D.C.L. 12mo, pp. 244. Macmillan Co. \$1.25.

Essays. By George John Romanes, M.A.; edited by C. Lloyd Morgan. 12mo, pp. 253. Longmans, Green, & Co. \$1.75.

An Editor's Retrospect: Fifty Years of Newspaper Work. By Charles A. Cooper, editor of the "Scotsman." 8vo, uncut, pp. 430. Macmillan Co. \$4.

The English Novel: A Study in the Development of Personality. By Sidney Lanier. Revised edition; 12mo, pp. 302. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.

American Orations. Edited by Alexander Johnson; re-edited, with Notes, by James Albert Woodburn. Vol. III.; 12mo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 416. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.25.

NEW EDITIONS OF STANDARD LITERATURE.

Belinda. By Maria Edgeworth; with Introduction by Anne Thackeray Ritchie. Illus., 12mo, uncut, pp. 485. "Illustrated Standard Novels." Macmillan Co. \$1.50.

A Harlot's Progress. By H. de Balzac; trans. by James Waring; with Preface by George Saintsbury. Vol. II.; illus., 12mo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 280. Macmillan Co. \$1.50.

The Last Essays of Elia. By Charles Lamb. With portrait, 24mo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 258. "Temple Classics." Macmillan Co. 50 cts.

Every Man in his Humour. By Ben Jonson; edited by W. MacNeile Dixon. With portrait, 24mo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 144. "Temple Dramatists." Macmillan Co. 45 cts.

HISTORY.

The History of Greece. By Adolf Holm; trans. from the German. Vol. III., The Fourth Century B.C. up to the Death of Alexander; 8vo, gilt top, pp. 436. Macmillan Co. \$2.50.

Books and their Makers during the Middle Ages. By George Haven Putnam, A.M. Vol. II., 1300-1700; 8vo, gilt top, pp. 538. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$2.50.

A History of the Hebrew People from the Division of the Kingdom to the Fall of Jerusalem in 586 B.C. By Charles Foster Kent, Ph.D. With maps, 12mo, pp. 218. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.25 net.

The Jesuit Relations and Allied Documents. Edited by Reuben Gold Thwaites. Vol. III., Acadia, 1611-1616; illus., 8vo, gilt top, uncut. Burrows Brothers Co. \$3.50 net.

The Story of Extinct Civilizations of the East. By Robert E. Anderson, M.A. Illus., 18mo, pp. 213. "Library of Useful Stories." D. Appleton & Co. 40 cts.

BIOGRAPHY AND MEMOIRS.

Pickle the Spy; or, The Incognito of Prince Charles. By Andrew Lang. Illus., large 8vo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 342. Longmans, Green, & Co. \$5.

The True Life of Capt. Sir Richard F. Burton, K.C.M.G., F.R.G.S., etc. By his niece, Georgiana M. Stisted. With portrait, 12mo, pp. 419. D. Appleton & Co. \$2.

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Julian M. Sturtevant: An Autobiography. Edited by J. M. Sturtevant, Jr. Illus., 12mo, pp. 349. F. H. Revell Co. \$1.25.

POETRY.

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FICTION.

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